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ALONE.

BY ALICE CARY.

What shall I do when I stand in my place,
Unclothed of this garment of cloud and dust,
Unclothed of this garment of selfish lust,
With my Maker, face to face?

What shall I say for my wretch pride?
What for the things I have done and not done?
There will be no cloud then over the sun,
And no pity wherein to hide.

No time for waiting, no time for prayer—
No friend dear with me my life-path to find,
To help me—only my soul and my God,
And all my sins laid bare.

No dear human pity, no low loving speech
About me that terrible day shall there be—
Remitted back into myself I shall see
All sweetest things out of reach.

But why should I tremble before th' unknown,
And fly off the blushing and shame? Have to-day!
The friend whose bottle no sorrow fat, for away,
And I stand at God's judgment alone!

THE HUNTED LIFE.

A STORY OF STARTLING ADVENTURE IN THE FAR WEST.

BY COL. WALTER B. DUNLAP.

CHAPTER VII.

THE RATTLE.—THE WANDERER.

An hour passed away after we had taken our station in the grove, and no unusual sound was heard. Eastwood expressed the opinion that the fugitive had escaped us all.

"Ye don't know me," said Paul. "If they're alive, they'll be here, sartin. Any way, if they don't come, it'll be because they're seed our fixin's. But hold on, awhile." They sat gingerly in a big hurry—them varmint sist. They ought to be here till midnight."

Within five minutes after the trapper had spoken, one of the horses began to snuff loudly, and directly the others followed his example.

"Hist! Put your ammo scentable," Paul whispered. "Hark!"

"Are they coming?" asked Peter, with a sudden lilting of his ride.

"Not yet, I reckon," replied the trapper. "That's only a scout. But hold on,—we'll know afore long."

We watched and listened, and in a little while the animals became easy again.

"Fetter a scout," said Paul. "He's been and seed 'at all was quiet, an' now he's gone to report."

"They'll be here soon, then," suggested Eastwood.

"Thar aint no sartinty o' that," replied the trapper. "We'll give 'em about ten times, an' be ready for 'em when they come."

Another hour passed, and it was almost midnight. The moon had sank so low that our camp was all in the deep shadow of the forest, though there was light enough to enable us to distinguish objects quite plainly in the open places. By and by the horses began to snuff again, and these more startlingly than before; and it was evident that one or two of them were toying their tethers severely.

"Now what d'ye think?" whispered Paul, between his clenched teeth.

"They're coming," I said, feeling for my shotgun, which had been leaning against a tree.

"They're comin', surely," responded our guide; "an' they're our game, too. It's a mixt'ry kind of game, though—rather hot enough. 'Taint with bowin', nohow; but it's with shootin'. Look sharp. They aint far away."

Peter stood by my side, and I could hear his heart beat distinctly. It was a new thing for him, as it was for Dick, and John, and Haskell; but I do not think they had any idea of wishing themselves out of the scrape individually. If the whole party could have been removed from the necessity of the conflict, it would undoubtedly have pleased them; but I am sure that not one of them would have escaped, had the opportunity been more favorable, and left his companions behind. With me the case was different. I was used to this sort of thing. I had been engaged in too many conflicts in the chaparrals and wild passes of Mexico to experience much nervousness at meeting a new party of Osage Indians.

In a little while Paul came to my side, and told me that the redskins would soon be in our camp, and he wanted me to give directions, if I wished.

"We'll arrange it between us," I said. "Of course they will knock down our wooden sentinel first, and then attack the tent."

"They'll do that yer all to oon't," he replied.

"But," I added, "they'll all be likely to hover near the tent. They won't divide, and part of them make for the horses."

"O, Lord bless ye, no. The consarned varmints want our blood fast, an' there'll be a scramble to see who shall have the scalps off'n our heads."

Paul was undoubtedly right in his conjectures, so we made our arrangements accordingly. We agreed that we would remain perfectly quiet until the Indians were all in sight; and that when we fired it should be at the word from our guide. We would discharge our rifles first, then give them the contents of our fowling-pieces as rapidly as possible; and then rush upon them, ere they could recover themselves, reserving our pistols for further need.

As I stood, with my rifle ready, I felt a hand upon my arm, and on turning I found that John Hind had edged up to my side.

"I declare, Maurice," he said, in a tone which proved his sincerity, "this is getting to be a little exciting; and I must say that I rather like it. It may be wrong to feel so; and I s'pose Parson Kimball would say 'twas wicked; but I can't help it."

Ah—that was John, all over. The spirit of adventure was rampant within him.

THE UNKNOWN WANDERER.

"Mind 'em this one thing," said Paul, by way of imparting a proper spirit to those who were not fully acquainted with the Osage. "In all eatoral probability these yer varmints have buicchered every white man they ever fell into their hands. They're wuss nor painters, they are. If they've got a bit of understandin' in 'em, it spure one on 'em."

He was cut short in his remarks by a whisper from Scamp, who had crawled to the edge of the cover upon his hands and knees.

"I kin see 'em now."

I saw them—we all saw them; and our rifles were ready.

"Make every bullet tell," I said. "Have the fowling-pieces handy."

Upon the opposite side of the opening within which we had arranged our camp, and very near to the bank of the river, where the trees were the thickest, were to be seen a number of dark objects, creeping stealthily forward. They came out into the clear space, and stopped. Presently more joined them, and for a few moments they seemed to confer together. In a little while they arose to their feet—full thirty of them—and then, at the word of their leader, they rushed forth in a body. The wooden sentinel was overthrown, and while two or three pounced upon the effigy, the rest set up a yell that sounded like the howlings of demons, and plunged towards the tent. At this point a startled cry broke from those who had attempted to scalp the wooden man, and their companions stopped.

"Hist!" came from Paul's lips. "Now's our time! Ready!—Fire!"

At one man we discharged our rifles; and then, without waiting to notice the result, we took our double-barrelled pieces, and fired both barrelled pieces, and fired both barrelled pieces, and fired both

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tions than I could have silenced the whispering of the breeze. Samp had been suffered to pass us with his team, so we were at some distance behind the rest of our party. I stopped and caught the boy—no, not a boy then, for he had known the agony of a man—I caught his hand, and gazed into his face without trying to hide the feelings that had stirred my spirit so deeply.

"Manuel," I cried, "some strange fate must have brought us together, that we might sympathize with each other. I have known what it is to lose parents, and I have felt the bitter agony of that other bereavement—the desolation of heart and soul consequent upon the rending of the holiest cords of life, and the whelming of earth's fairest hopes. At some future time you shall tell me your story, and I will tell you mine. Shall it not be so?"

"Yes," he said.

And then we rode on again, and our long repulsed our companions. Manuel had recovered his usual quiet composure, and entered into a conversation with Dick, while I rode up and spoke with the old trapper.

"What d'ye make out o' that yer boy?" he asked, after we had conversed a moment on other subject.

I told Bail that I liked his appearance very much.

"He has been very unfortunate," I said, "and has lost many friends. He knew me. He saw me in New Orleans a little over two years ago."

"Eh—did he? Wal, I rather like the looks o' the chap myself. I think he's square, though I must say 'at I think I'd reckoned on bein' let might be a runaway, Paul?"

"Yes, Dick," I said; d'ye'did 'at he might a' been a servant to some bigwig, an' run away in a fit o' the sulks. But that don't matter. Think none o' my business. Ef he's as he's well disposed, I'd treat him jist as if he were a white boy. Hi! Look what's the matter with yer?"

We had just come out upon a broad piece of prairie, and the object which had attracted Paul's attention so suddenly was a band of buffaloes. There were several hundred of them, grazing close by the edge of the timber, but they had taken the alarm, and were now scampering away sullenly.

"Here's sport, boys!" the trapper shouted. "We'll have some o' them yer fellers." He also clamp hind up, and each waiting where he was, and then he mutter his hand, and was looked over after the herd. I followed, and after me came the rest of our party.

As we approached the herd they divided into three columns, and as Paul had said, there was much body. I dashed off to the left in pursuit of the wing which had taken that direction. It was an exciting season—young, trump, tramp—my horse was the fleet gallopers, and my rifle ready. I had selected a magnificent bull for my mark, and let several opportunities at smaller game pass. Directly I was in the very midst of the herd, and my aim was upon the huge leader of its gang. It was then quite a long forward—then started upon one side, and then fell. His companions sped quickly upon every hand, and as I reached his side I leaped from my horse for the purpose of plunging the animal with my knife. I had got very near to him, with the knife in my hand, and was looking over the point to his throat where I should strike, when he gave a desperate bound, and struggled to his feet. I started back, expecting to see him fall again; but he did not. In the next instant he turned his head towards his fleeing companions. I saw then that I had received him in the left shoulder, and it must have been the position of his neck that threw him, for my ball should have been more to the front. As I saw that he was then upon running away, I did just what many others might have done under like circumstances. I drew out my pistol, and fired at him. The ball struck him upon the breast, and he stopped and turned. I saw my danger in a moment, and turned to regain my horse. My hand was upon the rein, and I had raised my foot preparatory to a quick spring, when the animal gave a start, which threw me off my guard, and brought his muzzle down into contact with his head. This blow upon the tender spot, hurting his nature, and giving him sudden pain, he probably associated with the coming of the ball; for he wheeled like a flash, and the wounded I was given him, and took on apooly vengeance. I had no time for thought. My muzzle were as brave this. He was coming, with his left thigh in the air, his head low and his down, ready to take me upon his horns, while upon his knees I was beneath the great centre of from me gathering from his mouth. I saw that there was not even a thing within a mile of me—nothing but the unbroken spread of prairie all about me. In the distance—in the far distance—I could see some of my companions; and under the impulse of the great fear which was upon me, I shouted to them for help; but I might as well have shouted to the winds. The maddened bull was coming again—coming with his head down—and once more I evaded him by leaping aside. He knew how good aim had been. Twice the monster's blind rage and led him thus fiercely on, but my hopes of a successful escape—chances of their sort of strategy were not strong.

When the third turned again he stopped, and glared upon me as though he would devour me at a single bite. I think I never saw a more terrible sight. The animal was covered with his heavy wool; his nostrils widely distended; his sharp horns dabbled with gore from the deep wound he had blood from the wound on his shoulder; and his great eyes glaring like balls of fire. Directly he lowered his head with a thundering roar, and plunged up the red with his horns, and seemed as he tossed the dirt high into the air, he concerned to see my knowledge—not as before, with a rush, but with more of a calculating movement, moving coolly, and watching my eyes while he drew his dreadful horns into the earth. What should I do? There could be no leaping aside from such an attack; and if I turned to be would overtake me before I reached the first bound. I was cool—I could not be otherwise, for every nerve in my body was strung like steel. And yet my movements were rather involuntary than the result of reflection. I had one loaded pistol left, and I drew it just as the infuriate beast was prepared to dash upon me. I discharged it directly into his face, and blinded by the fire and smoke, he plunged forward. Again I avoided him, and this time he went some distance before he stopped, as the concussion of the bullet had evidently disturbed his senses, if it had not partially crushed him. As I saw this I started to run. I pred on with all my might, leaving my rifle behind me; but as I had gone many rods I knew that the bull was pursuing me. I felt the ground quake behind me—I heard the terrific roar—and I stopped and turned. The monster was within two rods of me, and I saw that he took that he was bound for the death-struggle. He slackened his speed as soon as I turned, and advanced upon me with close, short bounds, snorting loudly, and tossing the gore from a new wound over the right eye.

At this moment I cried—"God help me!" I knew not what I could do for myself. There was no hiding-place—there was no escape by flight—and I had no weapon save my knife.

Still the infuriated animal came on. Most of the bull broke upon my ear. It was the footfall of a horse. And then followed the report of a rifle; and the rearing beast, pierced by another bullet, turned side of his body—plunged on with a few wild bounds—and sank upon the earth. I turned, and saw Manuel Martí. He was pale as death, and the discharged rifle had dropped from his grasp.

"Are you hurt?" he asked, in a gasping tone, at the same time seeming to reel in his saddle.

"No," I cried; "but you are hurt, Manuel. Are you wounded?"

"No, no," he quickly replied; "I am not hurt. And you—you are safe?"

I took his hand, and he very soon became calm, though he sat him a sighing while, as I could see by the workings of his features.

"Did you have saved my life?" I said.

"I now you," he returned, "when your horse fell, and I was close to your side. I was too much. My hand was steady when I aimed my rifle, but my heart—my heart was full of prayer, and helped me."

"Then you have saved me! I had not seen him approaching, for I had not looked in that direction. I was in good season, and the his mission was accomplished. How I thank him and blessed him I need not tell; and how my dear Rose Ellen will bless you as he's from that time the reader may judge.

I told Manuel that I would soon his horse, and found my own hunt safe in Samp's charge; and then my eyes were joined by the rest of the party. We had killed buffaloes enough, and I had cause to be thankful for the success of the day. Paul now the bull which had come so near proving my undoing, and declared that the fact of his having got on his side was a good season, and that he would have done the same. "Ef I'd a-been on the other side," said he, "I'd a-had to a-shot at him, and then he'd a-been sartin to a-got me. Ef he'd a-got me, I'd a-been a goner. Ef he'd a-got you, he'd a-been a goner. Ef he'd a-got both on us, he'd a-been a goner. Ef he'd a-got neither on us, he'd a-been a goner. Ef he'd a-got one on us, he'd a-been a goner. Ef he'd a-got—"

"Stop, Paul!" I cried, laughing. "You've killed enough, and I shall get the worst of it."

"Wal, I'll stop," he said, with a smile.

He gazed up into my face, and smiled in return; but then he looked serious.

"I have been thinking," he finally replied; "and that is the best way to account for such a coincidence. I've seen many coincidences of the sort, and I've always thought that it must be the best way to account for them."

"Yes," he said.

"Wal, then," he resumed, "may we not sometimes be forced to the keeping of such coincidences by something or something else? May we not become secrets which might be rendered far less important if they were confided to some true friend?"

"You are right, sir."

"Wal, then, my dear Manuel, I am going to be frank with you."

"Be as frank as you please," he returned.

"And you will be frank with me?"

"I will be frank."

I might have put the question in some different shape; but I wished to speak to the boy as freely as possible, and so may have been a little too abrupt.

"I have a question to ask," I commenced, "and I hope you will not look upon me as being over curious. I am a stranger to you, and I have seen that you have been deeply grieved. You have told me your own troubles, and I have seen that you were educated I might help you. This is the reason why I ask you if you will not confide with you that your whereabouts should remain such a mystery. Will you not tell me your circumstances, the story of your life, and what you are?"

He looked me full in the face for some moments, and no answer had the words ceased to flow from my lips. Then he turned his head, and covered his eyes from me.

"Forgive me, dear friend," I cried, placing my hand upon his arm, "forgive me if I have troubled you. I meant no harm by what I said."

With one of those powerful efforts which I had seen him make before, he said. "Only I would ask you a question. Will you tell me what you are supposing? Will you tell me what did your inquiry refer to?"

"Yes, dear friend," I replied. "I wondered if you might not have escaped from some bondage—from the hands of those who had claimed you had been guilty of any crime, and were fleeing from them? If such a thought was not with you—"

"I understand," the boy said, with a motion of the hand which seemed to bespeak me to say no more. He paused a few moments, and finally added, as his late emotion appeared to be entirely subdued: "We shall remain together until you return to St. Louis. You may then come when I shall wish to tell you my whole story; but I cannot do it now. Do not ask me; for it pains me to be forced to refuse you an answer to questions which seem so fair and simple."

I gave the boy my hand, and having once more asked him to forgive me, I promised him that I would never approach the subject again until he should invite me. He thanked me, and shortly afterwards we rejoined our companions.

"You're just in time," said Paul, as we came up with them, "for we're about ready to start. We'll make our camp."

It was a delightful spot. The river was small; the waters cool, and clear as crystal; the grass upon the sloping bank green and soft; and the large trees, without underbrush of any kind, standing just near enough together to give a pleasing effect to the landscape. The tents was set up, and when the horses had been provided for, we turned our attention to supper. As we had killed buffaloes, the choice meat Fred Rodwing remarked that he once had a very curious adventure very near that same spot.

"Aye," said Paul, "you've told me this afternoon; and you promised to give us the story when you got to camping."

We were all anxious to hear the old trapper's story, and having hooked the steaks from his pipe, he commenced:

"It was many many years ago that the thing happened as I am goin' to tell it to ye. I was then a younger man than I be now—ef about five an'twenty, I reckon; but there weren't many more than this side of the Mississippi at that bonnie me. Paul Redwing was reckoned, in them days, a powerful strong man, and so he was there was a movin'. I started from Santa Fe, bound for the Missouri, with a party of some dozen persons papers. I had money in them por pose, for I was to buy furs for the company with the money. I didn't know exactly the value of all I had, but I reckon it was a heap. Paul Redwing was known'd to be honest, an' they weren't afeerd to trust him. In them days, ye must remember, there weren't no steamboats, an' there is now, an' the road above the Arkansaw was full o' Injuns. As soon as Santa Fe I that wanted to send anything to the States, but I was the only white man. Now I always go in a good chance enough to send by the Injuns; but I was afeerd to trust them then. There was six besides me—six stout trappers—an' I found that I could depend on them; so our party war considered a pooty safe one.

"On the second day after we left Santa a sack two men come to see me. They was strangers to me, bein' that I had been in Santa Fe only a few days. One o' 'em asked me, in Spanish, if they could go with us, as they was bound for the States, an' intin' up with so many people, never to let on if I knowed the Injun. I understood the man well enough, for I could talk the kind o' pooty well; but, thinks I, if he can talk English, I'll speak it to him, for I reckon he didn't know a word he said. Upon this he let in to talk to me in English, and I found out enough, too. He said he and his companion were Mexicans, and that they was willin' to pay for to travel with us. They was willin' to pay of their money, for they had a heap of it. He looks o' the chap; but then I didn't like 'em; for I told him plainly that I was a trapper, an' pay no in advance, but I told 'em to hold on, an' I would see what the rest o' the party said to it.

"I started about the middle of the forenoon, with good horses, and kind o' promised myself to have a pooty good time on the road. The two Mexicans behaved themselves like gentlemen, and never let on that they knowed I could. For five days things went as easy as a pooty broke; but on the sixth day one of the companions was took sick. We had got this far on the Arkansaw, and was now camped on the North Fork of the Canadian. The Gilbert an' his Mexican friend, Juan, said that they was afeerd for'em; but 'twun't o' no use. They died that night, and we buried 'em on the next day. I reckon we dug a grave, an' put 'em in, for we didn't want to let the wolves get at 'em. We felt kind o' sorry for the two strangers from that pyr spot; but didn't think much about it, for we had our own business to look after.

"It just three days from that two more was taken down with the same disease, and as no feeble fellows as ever followed a trail. They was sick for a week, and then they died in a twelve hours. They died in the most awful agony that I ever see'd any one in, and there could do to help 'em. We was close upon the Injun line, and we was afeerd to stop long to bury the critters, an' made another cross to mark the spot where they was laid in their last slumbers. Four of my best friends gone—our party was now only half as large as it was in the end. Two days after the First Rocky was in sight, and we knowed that the worst of the Mexicans said it must be some kind o' cholera. We was afeerd to stop, for we knowed that the Injuns was close by, and consequently we kept on. We had got to the Rocky Mountains, and we was now in the Injun country. We held him to rest where we could, and we worked like beavers to get aside for his spirit arter we was gone.

"Where the two friends lay, right and left, the Mexicans said it might be theirs; an' they give me messages to be sent to their friends, in case I should outlive them. But it wa'n't to be so, for I was the only one as was left on the night arter Fred hid gone. Messrs war the last o' my companions, and I wished I was dead. I would a-stung to my own life. I held him in my arms—I held his head upon my knee—I did everything I could think of; but 'twerna' o' no use.

"I had to bury my poor pards and two alone with the Mexicans. He died just as the sun had gone down, and I remember how angry I was that he troubled his last, as ye're sich sufferin' that he weren't allowed to rest in peace. He died as soon war settin'; and arter I knowed 'at he was dead, I sot myself down by his body, and cried his eyes an' eried. In the mornin' the Mexicans come to me to bury him; an' then we made another cross to mark the spot.

"For two or three days arter that I kind o' lost the run o' myself, and I don't rightly know all I whonk myself with all my might, and held up. But I reckon I must a-been out o' my senses, for war gone, save the two outlandishers, an' I felt sure that they meant to do for me. I was afeerd to stop, an' we hoped 'at the God mainly wouldn't let me die while I was alone. I had a kind o' notion this very spot what you an' I are now occupy'd, I reckon, for I was then in the middle o' a camp. They was fresh signs, too—not many days old—which showed that some other party when a party o' Cherokees come along, an' from their signs I reckoned that they was on the trail o' the Mexicans, 'an we'll overtake them in a day or two. I was afeerd to stop, for I knowed that from them Cherokees I could get no help. I was afeerd to stop, for I knowed that from them Cherokees I could get no help. I was afeerd to stop, for I knowed that from them Cherokees I could get no help

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THOU COMEST TO ME IN DREAMS SOMETIMES.

BY MARY CLEMMER AMES.

Thou comest to me in dreams sometimes,
When the waning chair of care is broken,
Nor exercise dim the rhyme of rhymes,
Or love flip lips have ever spoken,
Thou loveliest to me in dreams sometimes.

Thou comest to me in dreams sometimes!
That unchided thy hot heart thumps,
Enamored within the summer clime,
Where palms through my fingers' fingers;
Heart pressed next to thine answering heart.

In dreams thine eyes can pain, nor gaze
My lonely hearth impoverished;
Yours nonchalez walls of incoherent,
Below my wistful-wing lying.
Here I the words of my weeping.

I give you words of sweet desire,
Of bitter fells, of bitter daring,
With wistful understanding of the true,
Which stings my deep heart's deeper eating!
No lifelessing comes of love's deepening.

Thou comest to me in dreams sometimes!
My spirit's soldier right cuddle thou,
All pure as light, all glorified,
All noble as it bents to hold thee;
I see thee thus in dreams sometimes.

Ah, be away to prevent the dream
As we go up the golden sea,
Perfect in the immortal prime,
Then'll cease (my president and prospect)
In arms like this, wrinkle clime.
As then comest to me in dreams sometimes.

ERROR AND EXPIATION.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

I was suffering all the bitterness of a first great grief and disappointment when Elliot Arden came across from India. A grief rendered more poignant, a disappointment more intense, since I did not confess to any one my human longing, could seek no human sympathy, while my unsought, unenlightened imagination wholly misjudged the acceptance of its first lessons of sad experience.

I had never been taught to carry my troubles to my Master. I knew not his comforting power, and I was full of untamed pride, and so I smothered my grief, forbade it all outward expression, and was full of feverish gayety in society, and yielded not to my wild despair only when alone.

As I said, it was at this time that Elliot Arden came home.

Elliot Arden was the son of my father's dearest friend. He was twenty years older than myself, but were my father, there for whatever years beyond middle life, displayed me, his only child, an infant, to his friend, that friend never proposed the betrothal of his child and my father's. The compact was sealed with mutual pledges, and in a bottle of old wine. Still I am sure that my father considered it scarcely more binding than even think all memory of it had passed from his mind in the long interval between the time when his friend went to India, and this present period of which I return.

I remembered, as a child, having seen Elliot Arden, a tall, fine young man, who, at various times to visit us, who brought me presents of dolls and book-case, let me slip from his arms when glass after dinner, and gravely drank my health as his "little wife." But he had already passed from my mind, as well as from my father's.

I suppose I might have been five years old when Elliot Arden went away. I was twenty-two when he returned, and singularly youthful, both in mind and in personal appearance. He was twenty years my senior, and grave beyond his years, while an unhealthy climate, and the fatigues of a long voyage, had conspired to give him the look of a man in the decline of life.

And this was the man who proposed to occupy the place in my affections left void by the defection of Clarence Lee, the handsomest and most fascinating man of his time.

I had no recollections of Elliot Arden that tended to reconcile me to the change he made. As a child I had been his plaything, when he was already married, at what seemed to me old years. Then he had passed from my sight, and so nearly from my memory, that all I had known of him in former years was almost like the unreal visions of sleep.

I refused to entertain his suit, and when told that he claimed me by virtue of that long forgotten compact, I laughed at the pretension of a room. That was not the manner in which I chose to be wooed—I, who had turned a deaf ear to many a lowborn suitor. Mr. Arden might be my father's friend, my elder, but he deserved the boon, but I was not the make-weight of a bargain to be transferred at will to a husband's custody. Such was the haughty message which I sent him.

And yet three months later I stood at the altar, and pronounced the vows which were to be my wife!

I pronounced them with unfaltering lips, yet never bride had colder hand in bridegroom's hand than mine that day! Never bridegroom trusted love, honor, obedience, in whose bosom raged a wilder storm of hate and scorn than in mine! Had Elliot Arden known it, had even the thoughts that made my eyes flash, and my heart throb, then not a brilliant guest in my train, and peopled the bitter jests that passed my lips on my wedding-day, he would have turned from me, even then, and left me to my fate! But I had prepared my answer to another and a fairer, and I had succeeded.

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ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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THE PHRASEOLOGY OF THE DAY.

It would be interesting to know how much the long words and roundabout phrases that have come into common use in our language within the last forty years, have cost the Anglo-Saxon race in breath, and time, and types, and stationery. The difference between the space occupied by these long-winded intruders, and that taken up by the brief, pithy expressions they have supplanted, must be enormous. Millions of reams of paper would not represent it. And then think of the extra hours consumed in reading and arriving at the meaning of this pretentious and too often inexact phraseology. Computing the value of the time thus wasted at the lowest rate of laborers' wages, the sum total in dollars and cents would be something incredible.

Those of us who are elderly, not to say old, can remember the time when a man, dispossessed of his reason by strong drink, was called drunk. But the penny-a-liners of the present day are much more tender with a sot. He is "excited by liquor," or "under the influence of liquor," or "partially intoxicated," or in "an inebriated condition." Though he should be found endeavoring to light his cigar at a pump they would hesitate to say he was drunk. Formerly when the breath was out of a man's body he was pronounced dead. Now the reporters of fatal accidents inform us that the "unfortunate victim had ceased to breathe," that "life was extinct," or that the corpse when found "exhibited no signs of vitality." To be sure the "roughs" cut the matter somewhat shorter by saying that So-and-so has "stept out," or "gone under;" but even slang is more verbose than it used to be. Sometimes we are informed that Mr. Such-a-one "has deceased," which is not English. In days gone by tired people went to sleep; but now "exhausted nature finds refuge in repose," or "nature at last succumbs," or "slumber overpowers" us.

Modern euphony is particularly civil to *crime*. It wastes words and syllables innumerable in putting a plausible face upon roguery in high places. Men who take advantage of the trust reposed in them, to clean out the coffers of public institutions, merely "default," or "show a deficit," or "fail to make returns;" they never *rob* or *steal*. So of falsehood; individuals who would swear black was white are said to be "wanting in veracity," to "exhibit a melancholy disregard for truth," to "make statements at variance with existing facts," and so on. *Briefly* speaking they are guilty of *lying*, but the nearest approach to that bold Saxon word, sanctioned by polite usage, is "mendacity," a mild interloper derived from the Latin. The vocabulary of modern politics abounds in long and meaningless phrases. Our demagogues would be ruined if they stated their plans and prospects in plain terms. Mystification is their shield and buckler. The speculative philosophers who desire to "reconstruct society," have also made terible inroads upon the simplicity of our mother tongue. The socialists, the transcendentalists, and the apron-string champions of "women's rights," rarely speak or write intelligible English. They have inflated the vernacular most abominably.

Oh! for some process for evaporating modern gas from the misused language of our fathers. Oh! for the sledge-hammer, Anglo-Saxon talk of William Cobbett, the clear, common-sense diction of Benjamin Franklin, the graceful simplicity of Addison. Even those of us who *wish* to write tersely and perspicuously fall into the vicious habit of the day, and often use a dozen words where one or two, well chosen, would answer the purpose better. The "well of English undefiled" has run dry, and we drink from a muddy stream that sadly needs filtering.

HYDROPHOBIA.

For this most terrible of diseases there is *no cure*, and among (so-called) preventives the immediate excision of the bitten part is the only one that experience has proved to be effective. As the number of cases of hydrophobia in this country is said to be larger, in proportion to the population, than in any part of Europe except Prussia, it is well that the public mind should be disabused of certain prevalent errors in relation to the malady. It is almost universally supposed that a horror of water is one of the inevitable characteristics of *rabies in the dog*. This is a mistake. We learn from high medical authority that so far from a fear of water being an invariable symptom of canine madness, it is not present in more than two cases out of a hundred. The truth is that a consuming thirst torments the animal in the early stages of the distemper; and therefore the general belief that if a suspected cur laps water he is harmless, is unfounded and dangerous. But although the rapid dog does not go into convulsions at the sight of the fluid, and consequently his madness cannot properly be called *hydrophobia* or "dread of water," the term is correctly applied to the disease in the human subject, who is usually attacked with horrible spasms on any liquid being presented to him.

Another common though stupid idea is, that if a sane dog should bite a man, and subsequently become mad, the man would go mad likewise. Healthy dogs are often shot for the purpose of preventing this impossible contingency. The *rational* way to treat a dog under suspicion of *rabies*, is to keep him securely confined until the disease is unmistakably developed, or it is apparent that he does not labor under it. To kill the ferocious brute that has inflicted injury in pursuance of his savage instincts, as a *mad* dog, is causelessly to subject the person bitten by him to pangs of doubt and fear only inferior to the physical torture which characterizes hydrophobia. Men have died under such circumstances of sheer terror.

The wholesale and expensive slaughter of the canine race which takes place annually "by authority," during the dog-days, in this city, is a useless or, at any rate, a mistimed precaution, since it so happens that July and August are the months in which fewest cases of *rabies* occur. It is not in the hottest but in the wettest seasons that the disease is most prevalent. Nobody knows how it is originated. Heat has nothing to do with it, for it is unknown in Ceylon and Central Africa, and common in Northern Russia. As it is a good thing to know the true symptoms of the furor, we copy from a late able treatise on the subject the following paragraph:

> One of the earliest signs, and one which should always arouse attention on the part of those in charge of a dog, is a *sullenness combined with a fidgetiness*. When it means rabies, the dog retires to his bed or basket for several hours, and may be seen there curled up, his face buried between his paws and breast. He shows no disposition to bite, and will answer to the call, but he answers slowly and sullenly. After a while he becomes restless, seeking out new resting-places, and never satisfied long with one. He then returns to his bed, but continually shifts his posture. He rises up and lies down again, settles his body in a variety of positions, disposes his bed with his paws, shaking it in his mouth, bringing it to a heap, on which he carefully lays his chest, and then rises up and bundles it all out of his kennel or basket. If at liberty, he will seem to imagine that something is lost, and he will eagerly search round the room with strange violence and indecision. That dog should be watched. If he begins to gaze strangely about him as he lies in bed, and if his countenance is clouded and suspicious, we may be certain that madness is coming on.

The human being who, on being bitten by a dog in such a condition, does not instantly seek a surgeon, is a madman to begin with.

THE WAR AND THE CITY.

It is some consolation, in time of troul ;e, to think how much worse the trouble might have been. The country, as we say, is torn by intestine war, but, so far, the worst evils of the war have not come near us, the people of the loyal States. Our villages have not been burned nor our farms overrun, nor our cities ruined, nor our coast threatened. We rest secure at night, we rise to resume our ordinary avocations, we travel without passports, and pass our days without the slightest apprehension. No college has been suspended, and no school closed. Not a man has been compelled to serve in the army against his will, nor a dollar forced from an unwilling hand. We are in the condition of England, a country that is almost always at war, but never hears a hostile gun.

The war has made important changes in this city, but, with the exception of a few tents and barracks, they are not such as meet the stranger's eye, nor are they such as excite the slightest alarm for the supremacy of New York over the business of the continent. Real estate does not sell freely, but it has not seriously diminished in value. Here and there, owing to peculiar circumstances, a good bargain has been picked up, but the great bulk of real property is held at not more than ten per cent. less than it was a year ago. Wages have been generally reduced about ten per cent., and the salaries of clerks one-third; but, at the same time, very few mechanics or clerks are standing idle, and the bustle in the wholesale regions of down town shows that business is very far from being dead.

Broadway wears its usual September look. The ladies have returned to us in better health and plainer costume. The stores make their customary display. The new buildings are going on to completion. The places of amusement seem as attractive as ever. Some new enterprizes are begun, and the solid old houses have weathered the storm. The children have all gone to school again; the churches are re-opened; the libraries and reading-rooms are flourishing, and most things have the old familiar look. Let us, therefore, be thankful that, if the war is necessarily attracting so much attention, we are still, under all the adverse circumstances connected with it, comparatively prosperous and happy.

SOAP AND WATER.

The pretty bubbles blown by children from tobacco-pipes dipped in suds, are the fitting types and symbols of the purity and beauty which result from a proper and liberal use of soap and water. Shakspeare tells us of the "shining morning face" of the schoolboy—soap-varnished, of course; and the wisdom of Bunsby seems foolishness beside the sagacity of Mr. Dick, when that perplexed memorialist in answer to Miss Betsy Trotwood's inquiry as to what she shall do with dirty David Copperfield, tersely replies, "Wash him." Alas! there are many families in which Mr. Dick's eminently practical remark is not a household word. It has been said of little children, "of such is the kingdom of Heaven;" but who can associate the idea of a realm of glory, into which nothing "unclean" is permitted to enter, with the soap-and-waterless child of a sloven mother. The divine injunction is, "Be ye clean," and good yellow soap may be had for six cents a pound. Some of the most emphatic words used in the Bible to express conversion belong, it may be said, to the neat housewife's vocabulary. The Levitical Law and the Gospel Dispensation alike enjoin purity of person. Those miserable hypocrites, the Pharisees, were accustomed indeed to perform their penances with soiled visages and unkempt hair, but there was no warrant for the proceeding in the Hebrew ritual, and the dirty custom was pointedly rebuked.

We have had lectures innumerable on the virtues of water as a beverage, and doubtless they have done much good; but its value as a *wash*, combined with *soap*, has never, to our knowledge, been the theme of any popular orator. And yet the subject, in able hands, might be made interesting, amusing, and, above all, instructive. Meeting, as one does every day, scores of human beings dirty enough to be cultivated as kitchen gardens, it is impossible not to feel that the "aqueous fluid" has an important external as well as internal "mission," and that the former of these missions is but imperfectly fulfilled.

"PUT IT THROUGH."

The President of the United States does not appear to be tightly bound with red tape. One of the best things we have lately read is his letter to the Secretary of War with regard to the appointment of a Kansas brigadier. "Send him off," wrote the President, "with such authority as you think will get him into actual work quickest. Tell him when he starts *to put it through*; not to be writing or telegraphing back here; but *put it through*." That's the way to talk at a time like this. Get the right man, set him at work at once, and don't trammel him with instructions. Just tell him *to put it through*. Pass along the word. Put it through!

THE violet grows low, and covers itself with its own leaves, and yet of all flowers yields the most delicious and fragrant smell. Such is humility.

THE BATTLE OF EYLAU.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

From the fields of Jena and Auerstadt, Frederic William, the king of Prussia, fled more than five hundred miles to the banks of the Vistula, in Prussian Poland, where he found refuge in the army of the emperor Alexander. The Russians, amazed by the disaster which had so suddenly overwhelmed their ally, opened their arms to receive the fugitives. Alexander, alarmed, called all his resources into requisition; and from every part of his vast empire troops were on the march to swell the ranks of his army.

Napoleon was a thousand miles from his capital, and the snows of winter already began to whiten those northern hills. If a blow were not immediately struck, the foe might accumulate in such masses, as to fall upon the French in the spring with overwhelming numbers. In an address to the troops, which electrified all hearts, the army was inspired with enthusiasm to disregard all fatigue and peril, and again to advance to meet the foe. Through rain, and snow, and miry roads, the wheels of the ponderous artillery often sinking axle deep, the eager army followed their chieftain.

It required a march of four hundred miles to pass from Berlin to Warsaw. Upon the right banks of the Vistula, Alexander had a force of one hundred and twenty thousand men, whom he was strongly entrenching. It was now the stormy month of December. Through a dreary country of forests, morasses, and bleak plains, the French army pressed on, day by day, occasionally encountering opposition, which they swept before them as the gale sweeps autumnal leaves, until, early in January, the army entered the black forests which frown along the Vistula. Here the French troops encamped to prepare for the spring campaign. Their entrenchments extended along the left banks of the river for a distance of one hundred and fifty miles. All the passes of the stream were so occupied as to render surprise impossible.

Comfortable huts were built from the logs of the forest, arranged in regular and neat streets, and supplied with every comfort. Immense convoys of provisions were incessantly arriving, the soldiers being even supplied with several millions of bottles of wine. The sick and the wounded especially were nursed with the most tender care. Over each hospital a chief overseer was appointed, always supplied with ready money, and ordered to supply the sick with every needed comfort. A chaplain was also appointed over every hospital, to minister to the spiritual wants of the sick and the dying. This chaplain was bound to watch over all under his care, and to report to the emperor the slightest irregularity or negligence towards the sick.

Winter brooded drearily over the bleak northern plains, as the month of January passed slowly away. Europe contemplated with wonder the aspect of a French army, of nearly two hundred thousand men, encamped in the forests of the Vistula, and yet provided with every comfort. Alexander, with hardy troops accustomed to these frigid realms, prepared to attack Napoleon, by surprise, in his winter quarters. But Napoleon was rarely caught napping. Keeping himself constantly informed of every movement of the enemy, he met them in their stealthy march, and overwhelmed them in the entirely unlooked for assault. The whole French line was urged impetuously forward, and a series of battles ensued, amidst the drifts and storms of winter, such as the annals of war had never before recorded. In every forest, mountain gorge, and by the banks of every swollen stream, the retreating Russians planted their batteries.

But the French, with impetuosity which nothing could retard, still pressed on, in an incessant storm of battle. The snow, crimsoned with blood, drifted over the dead. Mutilated forms, frozen to the ice, drifted down the streams to unknown burials. The scene at night was wonderfully sublime. The country was densely wooded. No tents were used. The soldiers hastily constructed from logs and boughs protection from the wind, and with huge camp fires blazing at their feet, slept soundly. These lurid flames gleamed over wide leagues of frozen hill and valley, illumining the landscape with almost a supernatural radiance.

Napoleon had now driven his assailants two hundred and forty miles north from the banks of the Vistula. At length the Russians concentrated their forces, and made a stand, for a decisive battle, on the plains of Eylau. It was the 7th of February, 1807. The pursued and the pursuers were within cannon shot of each other. The night was dark with threatening clouds, and intensely cold, as the Russians took their positions on the brow of a gentle swell of land, extending for three miles, and overlooking and commanding a bleak, unsheltered plain, from which the French would be compelled to make their assault. Upon this ridge Alexander spread out his lines of defence, and planted his batteries of five hundred guns. As the soldiers threw themselves upon the icy ground, for their bivouac, the rising storm commenced its dirge, and sifted down upon them the winding sheet of snow.

Through the drifts and the gloom of this storm Napoleon also led his troops upon the field, and, with characteristic skill, took position for the decisive battle which the morning was to usher in. Two hundred and fifty pieces of heavy artillery were planted to rain destruction upon the dense ranks of the foe. Eighty thousand Russians occupied the ridge. Sixty thousand Frenchmen were spread over the plain below. Throughout the night there was the murmur of voices and the confusion of military movements as horsemen and footmen selected positions for the battle. The sentinels of the two armies exchanged kindly greetings, and could almost touch each with their muskets. In these sad hours the spirit of humanity triumphed over the ferocity of war, and the soldiers of the two armies, feeling no personal hostility, as they walked their dreary rounds, cheered each other with the interchange of food and wine.

The morning had not yet dawned when the cannonade commenced. Seven hundred pieces of artillery, worked by the most expert gunners, mowed down the opposing hosts upon the hill and the plain. Column after column melted away before the merciless discharges. At the same time a smothering, blinding storm of snow swept the field. The smoke of the battle, blending with the storm, enveloped the combatants in the gloom of almost impenetrable night. Beneath this sulphurous canopy, where the flash of the guns could scarcely be perceived, squadrons of horsemen and footmen were hurled against each other.

Thus for eighteen hours the battle raged, one hundred and forty thousand men firing into each others bosoms. In the midst of the conflict the emperor was informed that a church, which occupied a position deemed of essential importance, had been taken by the enemy. Spurring his horse into the midst of a column of his troops, he said: "We must have that church back again at every hazard." With a shout of *vive l'empereur* the column made a resistless charge, through a storm of bullets, upon the foe. The emperor espied in the ranks an old grenadier, with blood-stained clothes, blackened with gunpowder, and his left arm just torn off by a shell, while drops of blood were fast falling from the ghastly wound.

"Stay, stay," cried the emperor, "and go to the ambulance and get your wound dressed."

"I will," said the soldier, "so soon as we shall have taken the church," and rushing on with his comrades, he disappeared amidst the smoke and the tumult of the battle.

The twilight of the stormy day gradually gave place to the gloom of night. The storm of battle still raged with undiminished fury. Thirty thousand Russians were already stretched upon the frozen ground. Ten thousand Frenchmen, the dying and the dead, were also strowed upon the plain. Ten thousand horses had also been struck by the balls. Some were struggling in the convulsive agonies of death, while others, in the wildest terror, were rushing riderless over the plain.

It was now ten o'clock at night, and nearly one-half of the Russian army was destroyed, and all the survivors were exhausted and despondent. At that hour a fresh division of the French army impetuously entered the field. This decided the day. But still the Russians, though retiring, maintained a brave and unbroken front. The victors, utterly exhausted, sought such repose as could be found, shelterless beneath that wintry sky. Napoleon, according to his invariable custom, traversed the field of battle, to minister, with his own hands, to the wounded and the dying. It was midnight, cold and stormy. Perhaps never before did earth present a spectacle of such unmitigated misery. Frightful was the scene which the dawn of the morning revealed. Nearly forty thousand men, awfully mutilated, were stretched upon the crimsoned snow. A wail of anguish rose from the wounded, which froze every heart with terror. For eight days Napoleon remained at Eylau, until all the sick and wounded were carefully provided for, when he returned to the Vistula. In the spring he again marched forth to the victory of Friedland and the peace of Tilsit.

COUNTRY HOUSES.

Swiss cottages are picturesque; Italian villas elegant; mansions in the Elizabethan style quaint and striking; but they are by no means comfortable country homes, and as people are supposed to build houses for their own convenience, and not for the special delectation of landscape painters, plain folk cannot understand why the rich should stow themselves away in such ornamental nuisances. The reason is obvious—it is the *fashion*, and fashion never hurts. To build and live in a gimcrack house—a "house with seven gables," as it were—is considered an indication of travelled taste. But it is no such thing. *Our* kind of Swiss cottages are not common in Switzerland, and *our* Italian villas are not the reigning style in Italy. No matter—they astonish "the vulgar;" and to accomplish this great end the Would Be's of the world are willing to submit to much personal inconvenience.

Of course, reader, you have been in a Swiss cottage on the American plan. There are so many of them in the country, that if you have any rural friends of a tasteful turn, you must have seen the inside of one. Are they not nice places to inhabit, with their sweltering attic dormitories, and their baby-house parlors, and their narrow labyrinthine passages and stairways. How the fresh air, let in at the doors and windows, ever finds its way through their intricacies is a mystery. The Italian villas are not much better, though a trifle less like Chinese puzzles in their internal architecture. Both seem to have been constructed under the supervision of a Professor of Inconvenience for the occupation of families who like to live in bandboxes.

There are other styles of fashionable country edifices, belonging to several curious *disorders* of architecture, which are still more objectionable—conglomerations of spires, peaked roofs, battlements, cupolas, and turrets, the sight of which would have thrown Inigo Jones, or Sir Christopher Wren into convulsions. Some of these concerns are as full of involutions as Milton's Paradise Lost; so complicated, in fact, that one cannot think straight in one of them. Yet the owners fancy they are wonders of ingenuity; and so, in fact, they are, but the ingenuity has been misapplied.

The grand object of putting up such fol-de-rol habitations is to make common-place outsiders stare. But they do not attract the admiration of our shrewd yeomanry, nevertheless. The proprietors of substantial, roomy farm houses, built for comfort and not for show, do not covet these fantastic tabernacles, nor envy their tenants, in the least. They laugh good humoredly as they pass Mr. Such-a-one's "folly," and appreciate more keenly than ever the comforts of their own more simple and convenient dwellings.

A square, two or three story house, with spacious halls running through each story, and ample piazzas on every side, is the country house to *live in*. Persons who erect dwellings merely to astonish the natives, regardless of interior discomfort, will of course continue to patronize the fantastic at the expense of the agreeable.

MILLION WISE AND BILLION FOOLISH.

We have lately received some useful lessons in the art of government. Our people have generally looked on disapprovingly whenever Congress has made appropriations for objects of remote or merely probable utility. But recent events have shown that very costly measures may be very strict economy.

For example—it cost the government a large sum to send Gen. McClellan and two other officers to the Crimea to study the art of war. But Gen. McClellan has since used the information thus obtained in a way that may result in saving the country. The Coast Survey is another example. The Coast Survey has cost nearly seven millions, but during the last three months it has amply repaid its entire cost—as every naval officer well knows. The government has probably spent half a million dollars during the last five years in experimenting upon fire-arms—money now seen by every one to have been well spent. For fifty years there have been politicians bent on the destruction of the Military Academy at West Point. Recent events, however, have demonstrated the absolute necessity of such institutions. Recent events have shown that the volunteer system has every requisite excepting only what military academies can alone supply—trained officers. There was a good deal of clamor in consequence of the expense of building Fortress Monroe. Who would sell it now for ten times its cost?

In short, economy is a good thing, but it is often the truest economy to spend freely for an object of remote advantage. Ten millions quietly spent in time of peace may save five hundred millions when war comes.

PLEASANT DRINK.

The Sanitary Report of the City of London for the present year, referring to the well water of the metropolis, cheerfully remarks that "the sparkle of the well water arises from organic decay, and most of the springs filter through *over-filled graveyards*." Was it the Bactrians, or some other barbarian people of antiquity, that performed the act of sepulture by *eating* their dead? Verily, drinking water that has been filtered through acres of graves, is not much better than Bactrian cannibalism. If we lived in London, we should adhere strictly to the proverb, "let *well* alone."

THE WONDERFUL MR. WALKER.

The man most nearly perfect of whom we have read was the Rev. Robert Walker, a clergyman of the church of England, born in 1709; the singular story of whose life we find related by the poet Wordsworth. His family possessed a small estate, but he was the youngest of twelve children, and had to win his education for the ministry by hard toil, seldom assisted. Having obtained a curacy in the north of England that produced seventeen pounds, ten shillings a year, he married a modest and noble-minded servant-girl, who had saved forty pounds out of her wages, reared a family of eight children, settled them respectably in life, educated one son for the ministry, and died at the age of ninety, worth three thousand pounds, adored by his parish, and revered by all who knew him. To this day, he is spoken of in his county as "*the wonderful Mr. Walker*."

The mystery of this man's career is explained by Mr. Wordsworth. Eight hours in each day, for five days in the week, and four hours on Saturdays, he sat within the rails of the altar of his little church, teaching the children of the parish, and spinning wool. He charged nothing for teaching, but received from a few of the richer parishioners a few shillings a year. There was no fire in the church. When the children were cold, he sent the little ones to warm themselves by the kitchen fire of the parsonage, and the elder ones to run up to the top of a steep hill near by. In the evenings he still kept at his wool-spinning, using, for variety and exercise, a large wheel that obliged him to stand, and to step to and fro. His wife was a spinner also, and all his children, as they grew old enough, assisted their parents in the same employment. He served the parish as scrivener, conveyancer, arbitrator, and appraiser, charging a fixed, but moderate sum for his services. He tilled a garden, kept two cows and a few sheep, and cultivated a glebe of three acres. He assisted his neighbors in sheepshearing, haymaking and harvesting, receiving the reward of a fleece, a haycock, or a few sheaves from each. All the clothing of the family was home-spun and home-made, even to their shoes. Their fuel was peat, dug by their own hands. Their house was lighted by rush-candles made by themselves. From Monday morning till Saturday noon, this parsonage was a scene of cheerful, happy, victorious industry. On Saturday afternoons, the pastor read his newspaper or his magazine, and rested his mind and his body.

On Sundays he shone with new lustre. His sermons were short, kind, practical; he inculcated good conduct, neighborly affection, and all good feelings, occupying himself little with doctrines. He had not a dissenter in his parish. His preaching came with resistless power, because everyone who heard him knew that as he preached so he lived. He was remarkable even for his mere preaching talent; he could have won distinction in a metropolitan pulpit. His written style was animated, compact, forcible, and pleasing.

But, what was most surprising, his ceaseless round of rude, hard duty, kept up for sixty years, never impaired the elasticity or the delicacy of his mind. He was always a generous, high-minded, whole-souled, warm-hearted gentleman. He allowed himself no luxury, but his house was the very home of hospitality; *real* hospitality, hospitality bestowed on those who needed it. He gave liberally and wisely of all he had. Devoted to his profession, he was utterly devoid of the least taint of sanctimony or any other affectation. His dignity was genuine; he had no need to take any measures to enhance it. When his bishop wished to add to his curacy that of the next parish, he declined it, saying that both parishes had been used to two services on Sunday, and would murmur if reduced to one. His conversation was rich in matter, his manners were those of a man of high-breeding, and his bearing was apostolic. His love of nature was a passion. Nature was his mother, and he her fond, inquisitive son. Nature was his library; he learned of her at first hand, and out of her stores gathered nutrition for his children's minds.

"Once, when I was very young," wrote one of his grandchildren, "I had the pleasure of seeing and hearing that venerable old man in his ninetieth year, and even then the calmness, the force, the perspicuity of his sermon, sanctified and adorned by the wisdom of grey hairs and the authority of virtue, had such an effect upon my mind, that I never see a hoary-headed clergyman without thinking of Mr. Walker."

His health was unimpared until his wife died. From that time he never preached but with a faltering voice, and he would glance sadly at the pew where she had sat for so many happy years. He could not pass her tomb without tears. With his friends and family he was still the calm and cheerful old man; but when he was alone his spirits drooped. He went to bed the night before he died at twelve o'clock. Leaning on his daughter's arm, he went, as his nightly custom was, a few steps into the open air, to see the stars and meditate in the stillness of night. "How clear the moon shines to-night," she heard him say. The next morning at six he was found in his bed a corpse.

RETURNED PASTORS.

The churches are now re-opened after the ministerial summer vacation; and our clergymen, we hope, return to their duties with recuperated energies. This is as it should be. No class of men, if they are faithful to their trust, need more this short respite from labor. Clergymen are not exempt from the common necessities of our nature, though they are too often expected to be. We rejoice that they who, in the beautiful language of Scripture, are to lead us by the green pastures and still waters, have looked again upon the honest face of Nature, which is as new and fresh with every returning season as when the eyes of our first parents opened upon it. Let them be received by the people among whom they labor with that cordial recognition which the faithful and conscientious pastor so much needs—the pastor who feels more than any one can tell him, his great responsibilities, and the vast distance still between him and that high standard, which he strives spite of all drawbacks and difficulties to reach.

HEALTHY BODIES.

Chess playing may be a safe and intellectual amusement; but when we see a young man, who has been all day bending over the desk, sit down to "the relaxation" of contemplating a chess-board for hours, we feel like entering our earnest protest, and pointing him to the cricket-ground, or any other *active* sport, which his stooping shoulders and contracted chest cry out for. Notwithstanding the reform which has been effected in the ideas of the generality of people on these and similar subjects, there is room for more and greater. *A healthy body* should be the *first* care of every man, woman and child in our midst. The impiety of neglecting it, is palpable. With our present knowledge of the needs of the body, and the disastrous consequences of neglect, no one can plead ignorance as an excuse. Let .ur readers examine well their habits in this regard; examine them as a man may examine into his faithful stewardship of a great trust committed to his charge by *The Master*.

FANNY FERN.

HOW IS IT, LOVE?

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

How is it, love, the beautiful
Are oft the first to know
Th' it world is full of misery,
Of sorrow, pain, and woe?
Alas, that this should be,
And this upon the heels
The hand of grief, who hearteth,
Is resting even here.

Love gives their tastes still retains,
And sensibility then art;
But yet I see thy brow is pale,
And grief has touched thy heart.
Or, well I know the brightest flowers
The first are to decay;
And then, like them, is beauty dress'd,
Art passing swift away.

Oh, dearest one, I cannot speak
The anguish of my heart;
But yet the fat has gone forth,
We soon, alas, must part.
But when thou kissest this dark world,
May power to thee be given
To watch for me until I love,
Within the gates of heaven.

EUDORA;
OR,
THE FALSE PRINCESS.

BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "THE HIDDEN HAND," "THE CHANN OF DESTINY," "JANE HUDES," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.

How cold was bankrupt's throne!
Bordering state refused to own
Him for their king, whose sway was gone,
His scornful transformers of misused,
Have fled to those for whom they served,
And left him to be pitied, unreserved.
And hate a low, and mocked.

JAMES MONTGOMERY ROGERS.

And how did Eudora pass the five anxious days of imprisonment preceding her trial?

Oh, Heaven! how much the human heart may bear, and yet live on! Who can computate the amount of sorrow, humiliation and terror that formed the great weight of anguish that pressed her young heart almost into death?

Deep, poignant grief for the loss of her nearest and dearest kindred; burning shame at the infamous charge under which she suffered, and abandoning horror at the dark crime that overdarkly lowered over her.

Either of these passionate emotions singly was enough to have crushed her heart or crazed her brain. All of them at once she was forced to endure.

Often, as with closed eyes and laboring lungs she lay upon the narrow bed of her prison cell, she thought that her failing heart must stop, and her gasping breath cease forever. Often she feared that they might. And then, indeed, her light of life might have been smothered beneath the weight of anguish, but for the tender care of those devoted friends who cherished the dying flame.

Malcolm Montrose, Counsellor Fenton, Mr. Anderson and Mrs. Burton, all endeavored in every possible way to comfort, cheer, sustain and strengthen Eudora.

She—the stolen left alone for half an hour during the day.

The devoted love of her betrothed gave her consolation; the confidant manner of her advocate inspired her with hope; the sustaining friendship of the governor filled her with gratitude, and the constant attention of her watchers left her little time for brooding melancholy.

And thus passed the days that brought the fatal Monday for the opening of the assizes.

That Monday on which those sessions were held will long be remembered in Abbeytown.

The most intense interest was felt by people in all ranks of society, in all parts of the country, in the approaching trial of a young, beautiful, and high-born girl, for the atrocious crime of poisoning.

All persons who could possibly leave their homes came to Abbeytown to abide during the holding of the assizes, for the purpose of being present at the trial.

As early as the Saturday previous, the hotels, lodging-houses, and even private dwellings, began to fill with an ever-increasing crowd of visitors.

On Sunday the town was quite full. On Monday, though the multitude continued to pour in, no one disappointed was sent away to be procured for love or money within its boundaries.

Inglis, the young law-clerk that had come up from London in attendance upon Mr. Fenton, declared that Abbeytown had never before looked like Epsom in the race week.

Lord Chief Baron Everton was on the circuit that year.

About nine o'clock in the morning, the hour of the judges' arrival having been duly notified by telegraph, the high sheriff, with his cumbersome staff, proceeded to the railway station to meet and escort their lordships to the town.

They drove from the station to the Luxton Arms, where the best suites of apartments had been pre-engaged for their accommodation, and where a public breakfast awaited them.

At about twelve at noon the whole party were in procession to the court-house, and opened the commission.

The whole of that afternoon was occupied with the preliminary business of the session.

The second day was employed in calling those common rural cases of poaching, riot, and petty larceny that took precedence upon the docket of the one great trial. These were soon disposed of before the adjournment of the court on Tuesday evening.

And thus on Wednesday morning it was confidently expected that, as soon as the court should meet, the case of the "Crown vs. Eudora Lenton," would be called, tried, and finished.

The same lawyer's clerk, whose talents by rather in drawing comparisons than briefs, declared that if the town at the opening of the assizes resembled Epsom in the race week, it was borne a striking likeness to the crowds of the village on the Derby-day.

Although it was indeed full to repletion. Every house, every street, every thoroughfare was crowded to suffocation. Every avenue approaching the court-house was blocked up by carriages, horses, and foot-passengers.

Every person seemed to have come with the wild idea of being able to catch a glimpse of the notorious prisoner as she was carried from the gaol to the court-house, or even—with the mad hope of getting a seat in the halls of justice to witness the trial. Of course most were disappointed; for the narrow court-room could not comfortably accommodate much more than one hundred souls, or, compacted crowded, more than two hundred; though upon this particular occasion nearly three hundred persons were said to have been squeezed between its four walls. The aristocracy, gentry, and pecuniary of the county were represented among the spectators that filled to suffocation the court-room.

In one part of the hall, to the right of the bench, were assembled the whole family from the Anthorage; for not only the Admiral, Sir Ira Brenton, his nephew, the young lieutenant, his grand-daughter, Amelia, his guest, the Italian princess, but even his successes, the two ancient dames, were present, drawn thither by the intense interest of the approaching trial.

In the very deepest shadow of a corner behind this group stood upon a tall man, whose form was enveloped in a long, dark cloak, and whose face was shaded by a deep somb

At some little distance, sulky, silent and alone, stood Norbun Montrose.

And all there were so closely pressed in by the crowd, that they could neither move, converse, nor scarcely breathe. The whole assembly seemed so intensely anxious for the commencement of the trial, that they hardly once removed their eyes from the door by which the prisoner was expected to be brought into court. At half-past nine the judges appeared.

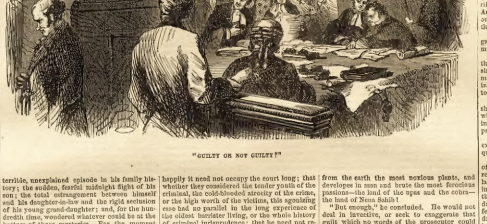
As soon as the Lord Chief Baron Everton and the associate judges took their seats, the eyes of the whole assembly were directed towards the bench.

Indeed, the central figure there, the presiding judge, Lord Chief Baron Everton, was by its imposing presence, no less than his august office and his mysterious family history, calculated to attract such great attention.

He was now but sixty years of age, though looking much older than he was. His once large, massive, and erect form was now bowed, shrunken and emaciated; his fine, high, noble features were faded, sunken, and sharpened; his once luxuriant auburn hair and beard were now thin and white as snow; his countenance, though expressive of intellectual pride and conscious power, was impressed with the ineffaceable marks of deep suffering modified by patient humility.

But what was the nature of that suffering? Was it inconsolable sorrow for some heavy misfortune earth could never repair? Or was it remorse for a dreadful crime that no mortal but Heaven could ever pardon?

No one ever knew, or even surmised. But, as the spectators looked upon that care-worn face, they spoke together in whispers of that strange,



"GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?"

terrible, unexplained episode in his family history; the sudden, fearful midnight flight of his son; the total estrangement of his own, almost and his daughter-in-law and the rigid seclusion of his young grand-daughter; and, for the hundredth time, wondered whatever could be at the bottom of those mysteries.

But the attention of the assembly was soon recalled to the trial at hand.

The prisoner was ordered to be brought into court.

And once more every eye was turn-d and fixed in breathless expectation upon the door which she was expected to enter.

And all this eager curiosity in the crowd was only to see one poor, frightened, trembling girl brought up to life for her death.

They had not long to wait for their spectacle.

The doors were thrown open, and the young prisoner was led in between the deputy-sheriff and his female turnkey.

The merciless gaze of those hundreds of eager eyes fell, not upon a bold woman—hardened by crime and reckless of scrutiny, slight, delicate girl, dressed in black and deeply veiled, who advanced with trembling step and downcast eye.

Behind her walked Malcolm Montrose, whose haggard countenance betrayed the agony of anxiety he suffered on her account.

She was led up the length of the hall and let into the dock, where a seat had been placed for her by some kind hand.

At a sign from the sheriff, the wardress entered and took a place by her side.

Malcolm Montrose placed himself as near the dock as he could possibly get.

As Eudora dropped into her seat, her head sunk upon her breast, her hands fell upon her lap, and her whole form collapsed and shrunk beneath the oppressive gaze of that large assembly.

Yet, if the poor girl could have looked up, she would have seen more than one pair of eyes regarding her with an expression of deeper and more curiosity; even those of the venerable Lord Everton, who sat upon the bench opposite.

But she dared not lift her head.

She knew a mass of faces—a sea of hands, a rustle of papers, and then the voice of the clerk of arraigns calling out:

"Eudora Lenton!"

She started as though she had received a blow, and instinctively threw aside her veil.

And the beautiful, pale, agonized young face was revealed to the whole assembly.

A murmur of compassion moved, breeze-like, through the hitherto pitiless crowd, and a single hurried sentence passed from lip to lip—the arraigns party.

That cry came from Amelia Wilder, who then for the first time discovered the identity between her friend Miss Miller and the accused Eudora Lenton.

"Attend to the reading of the indictment," continued the clerk, addressing the prisoner.

Eudora obeyed by lifting her frightened eyes to the clerk, then immediately to the judge, who commenced reading the formidable document he held in his hand, setting forth in executive counts how the prisoner, Eudora Lenton, being impelled by certain devilish and malice purposes, at certain times and places therein specified, by the administration of certain poisonous and deadly drugs, did feloniously procure and effect the death of the Honorable Agatha Lenton, &c., &c., &c.

"Prisoner at the bar, rise, and hold up your right hand," ordered the clerk, when the reading was concluded.

Eudora, pale, flint and trembling, obeyed.

"Prisoner, you have heard the charge against you. Are you guilty or not guilty of the felonies with which you are accused?"

"Not guilty, I shall answer at the last day before the awful bar of God," said Eudora, in a low, sweet, solemn voice, that thrilled strangely the hearts of that whole assembly, as she sank upon her seat.

The attorney-general, who had come down from London to prosecute this most important case, now arose in his place, took the bill of indictment from the clerk of arraigns, and proceeded to open the case on the part of the Crown.

He commenced by saying that his duty in the present instance was extremely distressing in its nature, but, fortunately, simple in its course; that the case he stood there to prosecute, dark as it was with the deepest guilt, was yet so clearly illumined by the light of evidence, that happily it need not occupy the court long; that whether they considered the tender youth of the criminal, the cold-blood atrocity of the crime, or the high worth of the victims, this spending was one but as parallel in the long experience of the oldest barrister living, or the whole history of criminal jurisprudence; that he need not recall to memory the celebrated cases of Borgia, Reece, Bawdlins, or Lafarge to prove this proposition; that they were all familiar with the facts that had created and the prisoner at the bar, for he should soon prove Eudora Lenton to be successful in reaching a much higher point upon the "bad eminence" of criminal fame, had ever been achieved by Lafarge, Bawdlines, Reece, or Borgia.

"In the poisoner," he said, "of Indian parentage, was the only child of the late Honorable Charles Lenton and his wife, Odelia Kaleigh, of Lahore, and, doubtless, she must have derived from her mother all those subtle, scientific, and treacherous elements of character for which the East Indian is noted, while the gained from her father all that rare, dangerous, botanical knowledge which led to her reaching a much higher point upon the "bad eminence" of criminal fame, had ever been achieved by Lafarge, Bawdlines, Reece, or Borgia.

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"By the death of her parents," he continued, "she was left an orphan in the early years of fourteen years. Her uncle, the late Lord Lenton, at his own personal intelligence of her misfortune, dispatched a special messenger to India to bring her to England to his own home. Upon her arrival, he, as well as his whole family, received the orphan with the kindest hospitality, never for a moment upon an equal footing with his own only daughter, Amelia Lenton.

"But how," inquired the prosecutor, "can this apparently harmless girl, the child of parents this honored family been repaid by their then kindness? Nothing! They have been repaid by the blackest ingratitude, the foulest treachery, the deepest guile, the most base and unnatural murder! Gentlemen, protracted, dreadful death of slow poison—poison administered in the food and drink—poison in the bosom of their family.

"And what," he asked, "tempted this young, fair-haired girl to the commission of such crimes? Into this deep Gehenna of guilt, misery, and infamy?

"The basest motive that could influence human action—the love of money! She knew that in the event of the death of Lord and Lady Lenton, their daughter, as next of kin to the sole inheritor of the whole Lenton estate; and for this inheritance she has perpetrated these atrocities in atrocity by her most notorious predecessors in criminal celebrity.

"She has sacrificed her nearest kindred in order that they might inherit her property. She has destroyed those who sheltered her. She has slain those who received into their home and hearts, warmed at their household fire, clothed, fed, and cherished her, for days together their daily food and drink with the deadliest poisons, until they wasted, withered, and perished from her presence, and before the breath of the death-blowing sirocco!

"After a similar action of this slow poison, one other member sunk upon the last couch of illness, in life was more supporting than the cold and trustworthy attendant, and with deceitful zeal and deadly generosity, lavished upon the bed of death!

"Her hand it was that winged the death-dew from the fatal cup, and her hand it was that pressed the falling pillows, and closed the glazing eyes of the dead victim—dead by her deed. But they

"Are in their graves, where she, Is powerless, madness, and revenge!

"For she has lost the game at which she staked her head, and she there now to wait her doom.

"Bowed down and crushed almost unto death is she? Aye, not by grief for her sin, but for that 'sin's detection and despair.'

"Beautiful, is she? Aye! beautiful as all the fatal growths of her native clime! beautiful as the spotted serpent of her jungles—as the striped tigress of her forests—as the stately lignitia of her plains!

"Thank Heaven, she is not a native of civilized and Christian Europe, but of that deadly clime where the dews hest of the sun drops from the earth the most noxious plants, and develops in man and brute the most ferocious passions the least to be tigers and the colors the hand of Xenu Sabib!

"But enough," he concluded. He would not deal in invective, or seek to exaggerate that guilt which no words of his prosecutor could possibly magnify. He had stated the facts of the case; he would now proceed to call witnesses to prove them.

The above opening charge was felt by all to be no mere official denunciation by the prosecutor, but the awful truth, as he himself believed it to be, and deeply succeeded in causing judge, jury, and audience to accept it.

His effect upon the poor young prisoner was overwhelming. She drooped still lower, and bowed, from the depths of her wounded heart,

"Oh, Father, Thou who knowest all things, knowest that this is not true or me; Thou who knowest all things, will yet deliver me from death!"

But was she the greatest sufferer there? Ah, no! He who stood behind her, bearing this terrible charge, without the power of contradicting her accuser—seeing all eyes fixed in horror upon her without the privilege of saying one word in her defense, and witnessing her distress without the means of consoling it—suffered more, though he bore up better than she did.

Upon our almighty family party from the Anthorage, the effect of the prosecutor's opening address was very profound.

"Oh, my poor dear!" sighed old Mrs. Silliboy, whose simple mind received every word uttered by the high dignitary as gospel truth, "however could such a learned gentleman be mistaken? Poor, dear, dear! what a young devil she is to be sure!"

"The young Indian demon! a genuine little cobra-di-capello—an Indian Thug! They'll have to hang her, that's one comfort!" said the admiral.

"It is her! The attorney-general is no better than a licensed slanderer! I hate him! and I will not see on trial!" cried Amelia, bursting into tears of rage and grief.

But the child was calling the first witness for the Crown, and all eyes and ears were directed to the evidence of that functionary.

The evidence for the prosecution was essentially the same as that elicited at the coroner's inquest, and at the magistrate's hearing, which it need not be repeated in detail here. It is sufficient to say that the first witnesses examined were the medical men who had assisted at the autopsy of the dead bodies, and the analysis of the tumeried-water. Their testimony clearly proved that the deceased had died from the effects of ipsmia, and that the fatal drug had been administered in their drink.

And the severest cross-examination of these witnesses by the counsel for the prisoner only served the more strongly to confirm the facts, and the more deeply to impress them upon the minds of the jury.

"And that," said the counsel for the Crown, "is the primary item in the prosecution—to wit, that the deceased came to their death by poisoning—may be considered as established. Our next care shall be to prove that the poison was feloniously administered by the prisoner at the bar."

The witnesses examined upon this point were the household servants of Allworth Abbey, who testified to the facts that Miss Eudora Lenton had been the constant attendant upon the sick-beds of the deceased; that she had prepared all their food and drink, and especially their medicines, and that she was with Miss Agatha Lenton at the hour of her sudden death.

These witnesses were carefully cross-examined by the counsel, but, alas! with no favorable result for his unhappy client.

Finally, the last witness who had executed the search-warrant for examining the chamber of the prisoner, produced a small packet of white powder, a grey berries, that they testified to having found hidden in a secret drawer of her wardrobe.

The medical men were recalled, and identified these to be the deadly *false bonsoi* fruit of the East Indies, the same fatal poison which had been discovered in the autopsy of the dead bodies and the analysis of the tumeried-water.

There were the last witnesses examined on the part of the prosecution. And as it had happened before, the closest cross-examination by the prisoner's advocate only resulted in strengthening the testimony.

"And now," concluded the Queen's counsel, "the second item in the prosecution—namely, that the poison by which the deceased came to their death was feloniously administered by the prisoner at the bar—may be considered as clearly proved that we are contented here to rest the case for the Crown."

CHAPTER XXII.

"Then on her down in blank
Her head she laid, and sank
Deep bed this on her breathing brow,
With any her spent strife,
And in the dark of death to wrestle:
Even as the breath of heaven
Shivering on her's cold brow.

NICHOLAS MICHELL.

Mr. Fenton arose for the defence. He was much agitated, and it was taken his cause by attempting to deny that which was undeniable. He therefore resolved to waive the fact, and to concentrate his forces upon the overthrow of the second and vital point in the prosecution.

He commenced by saying that he would admit the fact that the deceased had been feloniously poisoned, but would totally deny that this poison had been administered by his client.

"Let the jury," he said, "look upon Eudora Lenton, where she sits, overwhelmed with her weight of woe! Observe how young, how delicate, how sensitive she is. Can any one for an instant suppose that she, a young girl of sixteen springs, a mere child in years, an infant still in her, could have conceived, planned and executed so atrocious a crime as the destruction of a whole family to clear the way for her own inheritance of their estates? Such a supposition would be preposterous.

"It can only be because, for the deep atrocity of the crime, the law demands an instant victim, and no other is to be found, that this poor child has been seized and offered here as a sacrifice to appease the offended majesty of justice. And if in this end she is immolated, it will be only as the pascal lamb, slain upon the altar of the temple for the sins of others!

"I will not," he continued, "affect to disregard the shadow of coincidence that overlays my most innocent client.

"Like the poor lost dove, beaten down by the storm, and fallen into the net of the fowler, she is involved in a web of circumstances that may prove to be her destruction, unless the just interposition of an intelligent jury intervene to save her from unmerited punishment.

"But," he continued, "I have a theory that I shall offer in explanation of these circumstances, which I firmly believe must exonerate my client in the mind of every honest person present.

"Before proceeding further, I will read a few extracts from the records of the coroner's inquest upon the dead."

Here Counsellor Fenton took from the hands of his clerk certain documents from which he read aloud that part of the evidence given by the late Lord Lenton, in which she referred to having seen the shadow of a woman's form upon the blind, and heard the rustle of a woman's dress along the floor of her husband's chamber a few moments before he drank the fatal sleeping-draught which stood upon the small table by his bed on the night of his death.

The evidence referred to another part of the record, and read the evidence given by the late Lady Lenton, in which she deposed that, at the very time at which her mother heard the rustling of a woman's dress in her father's room, Eudora was seated beside Agatha's bed, engaged in the effort to read the restless herself to sleep.

Finally, he referred to the record of the second coroner's inquest, and read the evidence given upon that occasion by the late Agatha herself, that, while watching by the bedside of her cousin on the night of her death, she fell into a deep slumber, from which she was awakened by the impression of some one moving about the room.

That at the moment of awaking her eyes, she saw a figure steal away through the door opening into the next adjoining chamber; that, on following the figure, she found the said room empty, and the outer door open; that all unawakened senses had deceived her.

The evidence being all there just read, "continued Counsellor Fenton, as he returned the documents to the hands of his clerk, "is so significant, so important, so vital to the cause of justice, that it is even surprised to have the due influence with the coroner's jury, no such verdict could have been returned upon Eudora Lenton as that which has placed her here on trial for her life. And now, sir," he said, "what can possibly be more natural than the most entirely excusable the most innocent girl. From that evidence the learned gentlemen of the jury, after the whole theory of this most mysterious chain of circumstances, and the only one that seems to establish, as the only true one, to your perfect satisfaction.

"The whole Lenton family have perished by the hand of their poisoner. Who is next? Another lovely true! But who, then, is that poisoner? Why, the only unexplained victim, the dark secret, like a fall assassin to the chamber of Agatha Lenton, and while she was slumbering, put the poison into her drink, and whose ill-boding form was seen by the awakening woman to steal away and disappear in the darkness? Who but the midnight visitor, the lady in the temporary absence of Lady Lenton, glided like an evil spirit into the chamber of her lord, and dropped the deadly drug into his drink, and whose rustling dress was heard by the wife of his bosom as she hung across the floor like the trailing wings of a demon, and whose dark shadow was seen by the husband of her youth as it fell upon the waning form?

"But who was this fiend in human form. Not Eudora Lenton, whom the testimony of the last witnesses has proved to have been all the time engaged in another place. Who, then, was it? Who but the accused! Some accused! It might have been, it was one who, in resolving upon the midnight visit to the chamber of Agatha, had determined upon the death of Eudora Lenton, and who, carrying out the purpose of its completion, while compassing the death of Lord and Lady Lenton, and their daughter, took measures to fix the crime upon Eudora Lenton for the first time. That same fiend who, in the deep midnight, glided into the chamber of Agatha Lenton, and, in the deadly insensibility to her cooling drink, to passing through Eudora's room, deposited the fatal drug in her dressing-table for consigning a young, lovely, and accomplished girl to a shameful, ignominious, refined being; a most injured, most unhappy, yet most innocent maiden, to the most infamous of a capital conviction, the unspeakable wretchedness of a blighted name, and the lasting reproaches of a public death!"

The advocate sat down really, not professionally overcome by his emotions.

The influence of his address upon the unhappy girl was very beneficial; it inspired her with hope; it revived her sinking courage; it enabled her to look up and breathe.

The effect upon the spectators was seen by their changed expression. They no longer regarded the poor young prisoner with looks of horror, but with eyes full of compassion. But

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the effect upon our guileless friends of the Anchorage was noteworthy.

"Well, now, perhaps after all she did not do it, poor thing!" observed the blunt admiral, whose convictions were shaken by Mr. Fenna's address.

"Didn't do it? Why, of course she didn't do it!" exclaimed Mrs. Stilton, who had been turned completely round by the advocate's speech; "it's certain she didn't do it. Haven't you just heard the nice gentleman in the green and wig explain how it was all a plot against her, poor dear, motherless child? It's my belief as the attorney-general was in it; and it's my hopes he'll be found out and punished. I don't believe the good Queen knew anything about it, as I'm sure as they are using her name in the dockermentary."

"I love that dear, darling old Lawyer Fenton. Oh, how I do love him for his defence of poor Endora! Yes, I do, Cousin Vally, and so you needn't bite your under-lip and frown. I do love him, and if he was to ask me to have him, I'd marry him to-morrow!" exclaimed Amelia, to the annoyance of Mr. Valcour Brightwell, who could not see any reason for such unnecessarily gratitude.

But the clerk of arraigns was summoning witnesses for the defence, and the attention of the spectators was immediately secured.

These witnesses were some of the household servants of Allerton Abbey and some of the friends and neighbors of the Lenton family, who being in turn called and sworn, testified to the integrity and sensibility of the prisoner, the confidence and affection that existed between her and the deceased.

And with the examination of the last witness, the defence closed.

Also I how would it was, although the best that could be offered. So the solicitor-general rose, and, the defence appeared so weak and so unlikely to influence in any way the decision of the jury, that he waived his right to reply upon the evidences adduced by the counsel for the prisoner, and left the case in the hands of the judge.

The Lord Chief Baron Evreton rose to sum up the evidence on each side, and to charge the jury.

Every eye was now turned upon the noble, grave, and grief-worn face of the venerable judge, and every ear was strained to catch every word of his address, for every soul believed that from the spirit of his speech the jury would take their opinions, and the young prisoner receive her fate.

"Gentlemen of the jury," began his lordship, "you have heard the charge brought against the prisoner at the bar. You have heard the evidence adduced only opposed by the learned counsel for the Crown, and strongly supported by that which could be called. You have also heard the same eloquently repudiated by the distinguished counsel for the prisoner, and somewhat affected by the evidence he has presented.

"On the one hand, the case against the prisoner, as made out by the prosecution, appears very strong, but it is only circumstantial, and may well in fallacious. We are too late to see the explanation of these circumstances, as offered by the counsel for the prisoner, plausible, ingenious, and may easily be true; and I feel it my duty to recommend this evidence to your most careful consideration of the jury.

"Of the guilt or innocence of this young girl, none but the Omniscient can judge with infallibility; but in all cases of uncertainty it is the duty of Christian jurors, as it is the spirit of civil land law, to favor the accused in the prisoner. Such doubtful cases are left to the decision of jurors among those animated solely by circumstantial evidence.

"Now, circumstantial evidence is not positive testimony, so far from it. Wherein the present case of Klim Fenning, an innocent woman, convicted by an English jury upon circumstantial evidence, but whose innocence was not discovered until after her execution, what is there to say but to express that dreadful error—when no power on earth could restore the life that was taken—that justly taken.

"One such judicial murder as that should be a warning to English juries, through all future time, never, except upon the most positive available proof, to assume the awful responsibility of pronouncing upon a fellow-creature's guilt, or taking that sacred life which no earthly power ever can give back. Better that some guilty homicides should be left to the vengeance of God than that one innocent person should be consigned to the unmerited ignominy of the capital conviction and a shameful death.

"If, from the evidence before you, you feel assured of the prisoner's guilt, it is your duty to convict; but if any—the least degree of—uncertainty disturb your judgment—it is your duty to acquit her. English law recognizes no such middle course as that taken by the jury in rendering their verdict in the celebrated case of Madeline Smith. If the charge is considered 'not proved,' the prisoner is entitled to a full acquittal."

And, finally praying that their consents might be directed by Omniscient wisdom, he dismissed them to the deliberation upon their verdict.

The venerable chief baron resumed his seat, and the bailiffs conducted the jury from the court-room.

The spectators breathed freely again. His lordship's favored view of the evidence, and his error the charge of a judge could sway the minds of a jury, have rarely been known to occur, saving in a verdict of acquittal.

"All that is well, dearest Endora. The judge believes you innocent," whispered Malcolm to the prisoner.

"All is in the hands of God," breathed the poor, pale girl, in a dying voice, for her spirit seemed ebbing away under the high pressure of this terrible trial.

In other parts of the crowded court-room the charge of the judge was not quite so highly approved.

"Ah! Oh! Umph! The most considered charge I ever heard in all the days of my life!" exclaimed Sir Ira Brandon, indignantly, wiping his flushed forehead as if he had been the one who made a long speech. "It actually favorable the shortness of the jury's deliberation over their acquittal. It is the most unjust, bewildered, shameful charge of old age I ever heard in my life. The man is unfit to sit upon the bench. He should be impeached. He must be getting into his dotage."

"Lor! Do you think so? Why I thought it was an excellent discourse—as good as a sermon. And as for being in his dotage, I'm sure you're to talk, boy. He is younger than you," said old Mrs. Hilton.

"God bless Lord Evreton," exclaimed Amelia, fervently; "and may he himself shall appear at the last judgment-bar, may God judge him as mercifully as he has judged that poor girl."

"You know nothing of the matter, miss!" exclaimed the admiral, angrily. "But hush! I do believe the jury are coming in. What a little time they have taken. But oh, of course they're going out was only a form, since the charge of his judge was tantamount to an instruction to bring in a verdict of acquittal."

The jury, marshalled by the bailiffs, were already in court. All eyes were immediately turned in eager anxiety towards them, to read, if possible, in their expression the nature of the verdict they were about to render.

The faces of those twelve men were pale, stern, and downcast. It seemed ominous to the prisoner's friends; every eye was instantly directed towards her to observe the effect of all this upon her manner.

Endora, no longer conscious of the hundreds of eyes fixed upon her, had half risen from her seat, thrown her veil quite back, and bent her white face forward, with the fairy, in an agony of suspense terrible to behold. The hand which, in the dock, she had rested upon the side of the bench was firmly grasped by Malcolm, who stood with his eyes fixed upon the face of the foreman in fierce scrutiny. The face of the foreman of the jury! And then the clerk of the arraigns arose, and demanded of the foreman of the jury whether they had agreed upon their verdict.

The foreman, a tall, fine, sensitive-looking man, hesitated for a moment, and his voice faltered as he replied:

"We have."

The order given to the prisoner and the jury to confront each other was quite superfluous as the prisoner, Malcolm, who had not taken her will, affrighted gaze for an instant from the face of the foreman of the jury for a moment.

But to those twelve men who had young sisters, wives, or daughters of their own, it was a severe ordeal to gaze upon the white, agonized face of that poor child whose doom they were about to pronounce.

The momentous question was then put by the clerk:

"Do you find the prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty of the crime for which she has been indicted?"

"Guilty."

A low, wailing cry, like the last quivering moan of a dying creature, broke from the trembling lips of the prisoner, as she fell back in her seat and covered her face with her hands.

Malcolm, with a groan that seemed to burst from the innermost depths of his being, sprang between ingoals.

Her sound of sobbing was heard throughout the hall among the women present.

The clerk of the arraigns was about to address the jury, when Malcolm, turning fiercely upon him, exclaimed:

"Stop! Hold your tongue, and raising her to her feet, he supported her with his left arm against the shoulder of Mr. Barton.

And then amid the awful stillness of the hall, the venerable chief baron arose to pronounce the doom of death. Pale, with his white hair, long and wee-worn, was now convulsed with an anguish even greater than that which overwhelmed the accused to warrant. He appeared to be incapable of uttering one word of the terrible sentence that doomed the body of that poor, shrinking, fainting girl to the gallows, and the soul to eternal damnation!

"Help her—lift her up," said an officer to the guards, hearing that no further effort.

"Try to stand, my poor, poor child," said the good woman, putting her arms around the waist of the wretched girl, and raising her to her feet, while the prisoner leaned her head upon the left shoulder of Mr. Barton.

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you; I have nothing to reproach myself with. He was not my sister's son.

"*My half sister*," replied Sir Jasper, coloring deeply. "The reproof comes with an ill grace from you—the friend for whose sake I have sacrificed so many feelings, sacrificed so much."

Mr. Innery uttered one of his dry, prized laughs, and without answering another word, quitted the room.

"Awful rogues, both of you!" thought Captain Biddle, accustomed as not having caught a syllable of their whispered conversation; "but sin em envy," he added, "and that's the only difference I can see betwixt us."

"Do not interrupt me," said the banker, who had seated himself and commenced writing; "I am arranging something for your welfare. You may trust to me."

"It is not a cheque," grumbled the ship-wrecked man to himself, as he peered over his desk.

"In the first place," resumed the baronet, when he had concluded his letter, "here are fifty pounds for you. Not that I believe for an instant in your tale of destitution and utter ruin. You are too prudent a fellow not to have placed some portion of the money you have earned beyond the reach of chance."

His visitor could scarcely repress a grin as he clutched the notes.

"Get yourself in something like respectable trim, and, what is more, keep sober and quiet. I will give you to Messrs. Cobb and Shears, the great ship-owners. They will give you the command of one of their first vessels that sails, and the sooner it sails the better."

"Ah! I am quite unimportant for me?"

"Right."

"Another appreciative!"

"Something of that kind."

"Your most copious, perhaps?" suggested the captain, eagerly, whose brutal nature anticipated the punishment it would inflict on him to lure our hero at sea, completely at his mercy. He had neither forgotten the words nor the tone of the fiend-like scoff.

He felt the effects of it occasionally still, especially when he attempted to sleep.

"No," replied Sir Jasper, "no. I have not the slightest idea of parting with Mr. Mossell; he is likely to be too useful to me in the bank. You need not regret it," he added; "you would find Harold a very different person to deal with from Harry Innery."

"I should like to try it," muttered the ruffian, between his set teeth. From the day of his visit to Lewestone he had constantly cast a malignant hatred against our hero, whose cool contempt and manly manner had increased the ferocity to whom he rightly attributed the escape of his first victim.

"He is shut an apprentice this time," he observed.

"A remote."

Captain Biddle gave a low, significant whistle.

"And when am I to do with him?" he asked.

"Respect her safety as you would your own life," answered the banker; "I will see to the rest, and, I believe, respectable. I only require you to keep him out of the way—your voyage will suffice—till my son is married. To whatever port you are destined, I shall expect confidence be confided to give you letters to an agent, who will understand that you are to be aware of any interferences on the part of the authorities."

"All right, I take it, sir," said the visitor. "I suppose the young lady is an heiress?"

"I thought I told you she was poor?"

"Oh, yes; to be sure you did. I forgot that."

"I might add a bequest," continued the banker. "I have no motive but the one I have given for wishing to remove Harold from the country. We will not disagree about terms. You have hitherto served me as a most valuable partner."

"Can't quibble that, your honor," replied the captain, who, in his own mind, set down the assertion of the girl's poverty as a lie. "She must be a young lady," he thought, and a young lady by whom Harold is fond of, I'll bet."

"And where am I to see her?" he demanded aloud.

"When you have procured your ship I will arrange it," replied the banker. "You cannot leave of getting her on board I must leave to yourself."

"I think you may trust me for that," observed the ruffian, with a cynical smile.

Mr. Innery signed. Harold, in his own room, where he had been engaged during the greater part of the day in copying important papers and letters for his uncle. With far more delicacy and tact than the world would give the credit to old men credit for, he informed him of the loss of the Bellerophon, and the arrival of Captain Biddle.

"The crew?" exclaimed our hero, greatly excited.

"Perished—all perished!" replied Zac, solemnly.

Harold threw himself upon his knees, not, as his visitor supposed, in an agony of grief—our readers are aware he had no cause to—but in feeling—but in grateful thankfulness for the escape of his uncle Harry from a fearful death.

"Father," he murmured to himself, "I have done my duty, but not alone the credit. Those in Heaven who love, see to it that his life depends on earth, have been watching over him."

"I counted you rescued a year hours," observed the dyvatter. "It is natural to mourn for those we love. The heaven is not from the cradle to the grave, teaches us no other. Still you have one consolation," he added. "The coach died young—his heart uncorrupted by the world—and as for a long mortality can be so. You have nothing to reproach yourself with. Poor Harry! Even I pity him."

"And why should you not pity him?" demanded Harold, almost fiercely. "He never injured you?"

"Never?" repeated Mr. Innery.

"And yet you arranged his being sent to sea—if not arranged, approved, for I know your uncle acts not by your advice."

"Not always!"

At first only this instance," added Harold. "I cannot comprehend it, for your heart is not naturally cruel. You connived to his being sent out at the mercy of that fearful man, at the sight of whose hand the heaven moved pale will her face and cause to plead."

Mr. Innery waited his long, long fingers through his thin gray hair, and his head sank gradually upon his breast.

Our hero eyed him narrowly; perhaps he wished to watch further.

"You must—I am sure you must regret what you have done—"

"I do," answered the old man, with a vehemence that startled him. "I beheld the hand of Providence in his death, and Providence is just."

"What if Providence should have saved him?"

The look with which Zac replied to the suggestion had something in it so fearful that the speaker regretted he had made it.

"Leave me, sir!" he exclaimed; "pray leave me. I have many reasons for being grateful to you, but cannot see the hypocrite."

"You disguise me, Herold Mossell!" muttered the dyvatter.

"I cannot analyze my feelings at such a moment. Pray leave me. One thing, at least, is certain, that I pity you."

His visitor caught up his hat, and silently quitted the room, to the intense relief of our hero, who felt, more than ever, the necessity of keeping the existence of his cousin Harry a secret, both from the banker and his unworthy relative.

"What can be the motive of their unnatural hate?" he repeatedly asked himself. "Pride? No. It might operate with Sir Jasper, but not with Mr. Innery; he sneers at his own distinctions. Fatuer," he added, "I am sure thy thy blessed spirit be permitted to watch over the safety of thy poor helpless boy by giving words committed as a brother to my love!"

Never, in the whole course of his life, had Harold felt more inclined to betake himself to his group him by the hand, press him to his heart, assure himself by the pressure of his return that he was in safety. He made one or two vain efforts to continue his employment of copying letters, but the desire could not be repressed.

Ringing for the porter, he sealed up the unfinished correspondence, and sent it to his uncle, who scowled, but could not recall it.

"It's yet," he muttered; "I have still a use for him."

Before the bank closed, Sir Jasper received a note from Messrs. Cobb and Shears, the great shipowners, informing him that in compliance with his recommendation they might have said orders—they had appointed Captain Biddle to the command of their brig, the Anzuzee, bound to Leghorn. The vessel was to sail in a week.

The man of dark plots and evil passions smiled as he perused the note, and then folded it carelessly upon the table near the window.

"Gold, gold!" he muttered; "it is earth's master-key. At my bidding one of the richest firms in London—a firm as large as a thousand of lives and property whose name and antecedents are spotless—has given to a stranger thing to possess—possess in safety. This murderer, this wretch, is now in my power, in my possession, I may defy the malice of Fate. The past" he repeated, with a shudder, "has left no such word for me; it clings to me, encircles me, and bestows the present.

Sir Jasper Mossell sipped aside the thick drops of perspiration which, during these bold, bad meditations, had gathered on his face and on and threw himself into a chair. Gloomy thoughts came over him—terrors which he could not wholly drive from his mental sight as though they had been the phantoms of a dream.

Twice there was a knocking at the door; it passed unheeded.

The third time it was so loudly repeated that the baronet started from his reverie, and exclaimed, in an angry voice:

"Come in!"

Mr. Innery made his appearance.

"Recovered?" demanded the banker.

"I do not frequently trouble you with my ailments," observed the old man.

His relative repeated the word "trouble" in a tone intended to depreciate the possibility of such a thing.

"I came to compliment," continued his visitor. "I have just seen your son, and have given him to a hair; dislike, shoe them, as the coin of inclemency runs on the heaven, to be sent to speak with you upon a serious subject. The time of this being I know not, but from two or three gave him the name, although it was not his father's—he and Hind my young wife into contentment I anticipated. The grief of his cousin Harold was to be his. I am not aware which utmost affection. Were we jostled," he added, "in anguishing the sources of youth and hopeful promise?"

"We cannot answer for the elements," observed the baronet, looking very much surprised. "The tempest was a most severe one, man's balance. It is the act of——"

"Providence?" interrupted Zac. "Why play the hypocrite, and lie to ourselves? His death was as much our act and deed as if we had plunged him with our own hands beneath the surging waters."

"You regret it, then?"

"No; but I regret the sorrow it has occasioned, feel for the blow it has dealt to the old Harold that I came to speak. I do not like his looks; I will not the colour of his face, nor his life. Have you any motive beyond kindness—for I know you have—to wish his father's son dead, and died—for giving him a situation in the bank?"

"What possible motive but kindness can have influenced me?"

"Words, but not on answer," observed the dyvatter.

"No other motive."

"Then I am again speaking," replied Mr. Innery; "whether truthful or not, your heart must judge. I intend to provide for him," he added, coldly.

The countenance of Sir Jasper Mossell never once changed at this unexpected speech, during which time—and the downfall of long but secret hatred—he had watched.

"I am glad to hear it," said he, in a firm voice.

"Perhaps to give him my name?"

"May be," carelessly replied the banker. "Your fortune has never been an object of speculation with me. You are the only son, and I have much to atone for towards that unfortunate boy."

"Forgive me," exclaimed Zac, touched by his apparent disinterestedness, "forgive me that I let the heart and brain become warped with years! I entered your room with feelings of the most pravity. It is not a question of fortune; that, as you are well aware, I can amply provide for dividing. I shall speak with Harold in a few days, when the first passionate burst of grief has subsided."

The baronet silently extended his hand to him. "Thank you," he said, "for those words. I see you are better than I gave you credit for."

As the door closed after the speaker, Sir Jasper scowled bitterly.

"Another legend web," he muttered. "I begin to tire of unravelling them."

An hour after the banking house was closed, the window of the private office was gently opened from the outside, a long boop arm thrust through the iron bars.

It belonged to Mark Saunders.

After repeated efforts, he clutched the note which lay upon the table, drew it forth, retreated had cautiously thrown aside, and disappeared with it.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Object in hand aimed a weapon here,
Yet not the weapon's self, but what it bears
And is for with a blow—the blow's effect,
As an angel stands passed view of God,
Not the mere angel with his sword or spear,
With eyes and wings, and all the artillery
Which heaven's own light lights the archives show—
But man's soul—the sight—the sight—the sight.

When our hero entered the studio of Harry he started back, uttering an exclamation of mingled delight and astonishment. The graceful boy had long since divined the feelings of his cousin towards Rosco, and secretly procured a block of marble for her hand, intending to surprise Harold with it on his birthday. For weeks it had been a work of love with him; beneath his gifted hand the features of the fair Italian had started, not into form merely, but into expression, the highest, because most intellectual type of beauty.

"Harold!" exclaimed the youthful sculptor, throwing down the chisel with an air of vexation, "you have cruelly disappointed me. I never intended you to see it till it was finished. You are here three hours at least before your usual time. Don't look at it is that way. It is very skeletal as yet."

His cousin, whose eyes were fixed upon the bust, could only extend a hand to him.

"I don't know whether I ought to take it," added the boy, at the same time grasping it most affectionately.

"Heaven is counted it from me?" murmured our hero.

Rinnon knows nothing about it," replied Harry.

"Is it possible you have produced it from memory?"

"Not quite," answered his cousin, who, seeing how intensely the speaker was delighted with his skill, had almost got over his vexation. "There was the desire of pleasing you; I intended it for your birthday—worked as it night and day in secret, hoping to surprise you with it. Now the cheese is gone. And yet I am not angry with you," he added, perceiving that the eyes of Harold were filled with tears.

"And do you forgive me?" wistfully ejaculated our hero, "they would have consigned to a corner, and forgotten, but that I have discovered the sailor's life—the genius whose light they would have extinguished. Poor boy! poor boy! not even an thought for your own wrongs! think."

A shudder ran through his frame at the recollections of the past, which he could not banish from brother closely to his manly breast.

"What is the matter, Harold?" demanded the astonished youth. "Surely I have not offended you?"

"Never, from the hour my dear father brought me an infant in his arms—never! Harry, you are mine, and told me that I must love you," replied the young man, "with a love that should overcome strange, but I could not rest till I beheld you, and hear your voice in the presence of my senses of your safety."

"Safety?" repeated his cousin.

"Captain Biddle has returned to London." "Has he?" exclaimed the young sculptor, coolly.

"The ruffian has been shipwrecked, and is the only one saved from a crew of better men," continued our hero. "Most likely it will not be long before he is at sea again. The expression of the speaker held a bitter emphasis upon the word "safety," which caused the boy to look him earnest. You must keep close, Harry. Promise me not to leave this house, or to go out, but in company, or Tom."

"And I do pretend to be angry with you, when it was your affection and anxiety for me that led you to discover me?" said the young sculptor, boy. "I am a sad burden to you," he added, mournfully.

"Burden?" repeated Harold. "You are my brother! father's child! I love you for them, my liking as he is my love for you, Harry, it is not a love intended to depreciate the possibility of such a thing.

"I have been cruel, Harold," he added, "to think only of myself, and to forget that it must produce to inform the landlady of such persons as I have taken lodgings in, in the event of any attempt being made to obtain possession of my person by Captain Biddle, during my short absence."

Mrs. Pego apologized for receiving him in the little back parlour; but the first-floor lodger, Mr. Rudge, had engaged the drawing-room.

"I always thought it strange," she observed, "that Mr. Ugly and myself, as the only lodger; did I not, Hannah?" she added, appealing to the one-armed servant, "that, for the sake of necessity, was taken into their confidence.

"Pass you by, Hannah," she said, "you think so many things strange. If I don't upon to recollect who rings the city bell of an evening."

"Silence!" interrupted her mistress; "you have no business to think at all, you stupid boy."

"You may rely upon my talking every precious time," she continued, turning to Harold. "Both being lone, I let out the second floor at a low price to single persons; but I need not wonder at that, I have always done."

Harold smiled. He did not perceive the confession of fear.

"Is it possible?" he exclaimed.

"Yes, sir," replied the landlady, "it is true. Mr. Mossell," replied the landlady. "That villain, Slime, has not been heard of since the night of the fire; twenty years rascals that he has discovered a trick. There is enough to hang him, and I have set him on, but he won't frighten me. I have risked ten pounds already."

"Ten!"

"No, in an advertisement for the news of Cato Street. Only ten pounds, sir, as a beginning."

"If my advice, or Tom's"—suggested the young man.

"No, no!" interrupted Mrs. Pego; "I am determined to have my own way, and I will have it in my own house."

Harold smiled at her resolution. At Hannah opened the door for him he repeated his caution respecting secrecy.

"We has no mob gentlemen scullin' here except the lodgers," replied the one-armed servant, the maid-of-all-work.

"Who are occasionally call at the area," observed Harold, laughingly.

"I never call at area," if they does?"

"Nothing. All very natural that a pretty girl should have gentlemen callers."

The "*pretty girl*" quite won the heart of Hannah.

"You are sure you have no one else?" added the speaker, archly.

"Not one as the first floor is at home."

"Is the reply; "but you needn't fear any's of his service for that first floor has been down seven years."

"I should have thought longer," said Harold, from the appearance of it."

"Why, I never thought he'd a send him," muttered the girl, as she closed the door, "from the looks of his face and eyes."

A proof that, however quick the intelligence of Hannah's eyes, her powers of penetration in looks was not one of her peculiarities.

Mrs. Pego was found in earnest readers to follow us to the lodging house in Princess street, we mentioned many years by a Mr. Arnold, a very quiet, soft-spoken gentleman, who had won the good opinion of Mrs. Pego by his punctuality in his payments, and frequent absence from home. He had, in so purely regarded the rooms, that she almost reclaimed the use of them, and had entertained the idea of letting them for a few days.

There was one peculiarity connected with her lodger which the landlady had not failed to notice. During his absences no visitors ever called; but, on the very day of his return—frequently within an hour afterward—they invariably came, and always one at a time. Had the monetary arrangements been less satisfactory, she might have imagined something wrong; but it was impossible to suspect so punctual a lodger.

As for the maid-of-all-work, she swore by him. Would have quarrelled with the postman, and almost with the butcher's young man, had either of them hinted a doubt of Mr. Arnold's being anything but a gentleman. "Hadn't she that beautiful yellow shawl and plum-colored gown he had given her to prove it?"

Mrs. Pego, having gazed without anything occurring to excite the suspicions of Hannah, who had just cleared away the first floor's breakfast things, when a loud knocking was heard at the door.

"Shan't hurry myself," muttered the tired girl; "it is that Mr. Harold nor his friend. They are up stairs with Mr. Islip and the young lady."

The knocking was repeated.

"Don't ye be a hurry, now?" she exclaimed. "Oh, them stairs! I do wish the kitchen was on the ground floor; I knows somebody whose legs would soon run. But missies ain't no consideration for servants now-a-days!"

The knocker had fallen a third time, still more impatiently, as Hannah opened the door.

"Does Mr. Arnold reside here?" demanded a tall, swarthy-looking man, with a profusion of dark hair above the lower part of his face.

"Yes, sir."

"Is he at home?"

"Just ten't."

"Can I see my sister to him."

"Been here afore, sir," observed the maid-of-all-work, "and knows as Mr. Arnold is out first floor's resident 12—you'd wait when I sees yer face."

"Do not recollect the face of all his visitors?"

"Most on 's'ym give me something," replied the girl, "and you, sir, have not."

"I suppose not."

Mrs. Pego, like most lodging-house keepers, was as economical as possible in her domestic arrangements; there was no display of gas or candles in her establishment—a solitary rushlight, which emitted upon the stairs, rendering, as Milton says, "grim darkness visible." And Hannah, accustomed to the dim light, could see and not soon the features of the visitor who followed her.

The "A gentleman to see you, sir," had scarcely left the lips of the girl, when he turned round and stared him full in the face.

It was the red-haired mermaid gaping at?" demanded the stranger, roughly.

"Shouldn't, sir, only the gracious! reddened, indeed! I wonder where he was when beauty was dealt out. Red-haired, indeed!"

"Where is Hannah, you Mr. Arnold, mildly.

"Certainly, sir; I knows when a gentleman, a real gentleman, speaks to me."

With this—intended, doubtless, for a very severe observation—she left the room, muttering her work favoured out of the room, but not till she had cast a most good stare at the freckled-faced visitor.

"Show him afore," she muttered, as she descended the stairs; "soon him often. Can't remember his voice. Thief he's got a wife, I'll be bound."

Hurling herself out a cup of tea—there was an excellent one left in the first floor's teapot—Hannah entered the room, and placed it on the table.

Her second thoughts she kept her hand, exclaiming, "No, it can't be that."

The stranger was the first floor lodger and his visitor alone, then the former deliberately locked the door of the drawing-room, and then approached the girl.

"I see you are a man of precaution," observed the latter, coolly.

"It is the mother of safety," replied Mr. Arnold. "During the number of years I have been cried on my dangerous trade, I have never neglected the slightest precaution. What is it you require?"

"Three or four hundred pounds in notes on the Bank of Lombardy."

"Is that the sum you?"

"Can't you trust me?" demanded his visitor.

"Not when so many immunities together."

"I am true you," said Mr. Arnold; "and for the sum you require I will bring you cash either. But I repeat it, I have them not by me."

"Then you must procure them for me?"

"In two days."

"And the rest will be the charge?"

"Fifty pounds for two hundred.

"Is that the sum I bought of you were a dyed liars—Don't dance discussion! Hands—they all lie at the bottom of the sea with the wreck of my ship. You ought to make some allowance."

"Not a shilling!" answered the forger, for he had had dangerous customers before, and for years had followed, not only unnetected, but unsuspected, the trade of a money-changer, receiver, and his forging only the notes of foreign banks. He had, in fact, established a regular agency in his business, had perverted his skill, not only to the most dangerous but worst of purposes. His dealings were chiefly with the captains of vessels, and by them the notes were supplied with the cleverly-imitated bank notes of the countries they were about to visit; and the statement had he become, by enormous profits, up to fifty per cent., had been offered to him by the agents of the Bank of England.

Mr. Arnold, however, had long since secured a competency sufficient for his wants, and was not to be tempted to try that. The fate of the convicted forger in these days was never spared, and some of the worshippers of Mammon had begun to think that, though there are a few still left—question whether it was worth the speculation.

"You are hard," said his visitor, "but I suppose I must submit to your price. When can I have the thinkers?"

"Let me see?"

"Hero?"

"No," replied the first floor lodger, after a moment's hesitation, "you may as well call for them here. Bring the price with you in gold."

"Gold!" repeated the stranger.

Mr. Arnold quietly unlocked the drawing-room door, and the visitor, with a muttered curse, followed him.

"Are you a gentleman out," he said.

"Yes, sir."

Hannah the maid-of-all-work quitted the room she took another good stare, to the great annoyance of Mrs. Pego, who, from the kitchen, gladly heard each passage of her lodgers.

The question was answered so suddenly, and in a manner so unexpected, that when it came it was nearly upset the equilibrium of the maid-of-all-work as well as the stranger's, which she was in the act of removing from Harry's room, when her eye accidentally caught the gleam of gold in the hand of the latter, and the young artist.

She had seen it at least fifty times before.

"Good gracious!" she exclaimed. "Well, I am not to interfere; but shall go to my mistress."

"Shall are you staring at?" demanded Harold, laughing.

"Love-struck, sh?" said Tom.

"I want to know the name of that gentleman, for I suppose he is one, or Mr. Islip wouldn't be painted his picture?"

"That," replied our hero, "is Captain Biddle, who was lately shipwrecked."

His cousin, who had never forgotten the features of the ruffian to whom Sir Jasper would have consigned him, had painted it from memory. As a general rule the impressions of terror are more lasting, we regret to say, than those of love.

"It never struck me he was a captain when I let him out to-night," observed the maid-of-all-work.

"Let who out?" demanded Harry, looking very much frightened.

"The captain, as you call him; he has been to see our first floor."

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

THE "PAULISTAS."

The history of piracies and filibusteros, who, since the settlement of the western continent, have spread terror and desolation over the Spanish Indies, does not show up a more desperate and extensive gang of villains, than during the early part of the seventeenth century had their head-quarters at the town of St. Paul, on the Brazilian coast.

This band of marauders was made up of renegades and outlawed Spanish and Portuguese adventurers, who, from the proceeds of robberies and murders of their own countrymen, chiefly, revealed in the most diabolical indulgence. No crimes were too fiendish or revolting for them, and added to their number during the time Americus coast and among the islands, they delighted in the kidnapping of the inoffensive natives of the interior. These were sold to the planters of the lower countries, or employed in their vessels to the West Indies, where they were condemned to the most severe, but unrelieved drudgery.

These scourges of this beautiful land were known by the name of *Paulistas* or *Mamelukes*, and were organized into well-trained and well-disciplined bands, each under the command of a chief, selected for his acts of bloodshed and cruelty.

Their numbers were constantly increased by their successes, that, aided by the unparalleled fecundity and prolific power of Americus, they determined to attack the mission, where the descendants of the Incas had sought the protection of the benevolent priests.

This determination was put into effect, and many of those noble monuments of Christian zeal and devotion were destroyed, reduced to the ground, and shapeless and flocks murdered, or driven to the shelter of forests.

The fame of the Paulistas was pulley bevelfires led born that of Christian enthusiasm to the conversion and the powers of the fallen governors, after appealing in vain for protection to the Portuguese authorities, at last, in despair, resolved to attempt their own defence from further aggression.

For this purpose they sent delegates to the Spanish governor of Rio Janeiro, representing their great grievances, and soliciting the permission of the king to place arms at their disposal, to be put into the hands of the Christian converts, that they might protect and defend their own. This consent, and the requisite supplies, were both readily afforded.

In the meantime the Paulistas were adding continually to the list of their crimes, and the arrival of adventurers; and never before was offered a more favorable occasion for the perpetration of their villainies than the Portuguese revolutions presented, when the governors resigned the sceptre, and their inhuman conquests presented a most pecuniary profits than ever before.

In the year 1640 the news of the accession the countenances tribes that constituted the Guarani family, and who had been under the care of missions should have been permitted to have advanced to a much greater degree of civilization. The gentleness, meekness, and unwarlike habits were considered the chief of their natures." But," says the writer from whom the above words, "a desire to possess the country, despite Pillaged churches and burning homes would not restrain the conquerors. Bishops, Jesuits, Fathers, brothers, sisters, wives and children mercilessly massacred, and many thousands sold as a slave in the market of some distant city, leaves its impress upon Indian nature, which, if it proceed from place to place, hunted from wood to wood, with the certain prospect of death or degradation, would make the Indians cruel and revengeful.

Such is the terrible end, some of which we repeat in the hands, the Indian seemed suddenly aware of his strength, and regarded himself no longer as the white fortune. The natives now assembled at the few remaining missions, and, under the Jesuit fathers, and implored to be led against the Paulistas, who, report had informed them, had pursued another fatal career against them.

The Jesuits were not backward to receive them, and instruct them in such acts of defence and attack as the tiny inventions had already called into existence.

The first collision between the Indians and their friends was received at the missions; and gathering several thousand of the surrounding converts, the fathers prepared to give battle to the invaders of Guayra. Those of the natives who could not be supplied with fusees, or other firearms, were provided with bows and arrows, and clubs. These were mostly their native bows, slings (*Calcan*), and *Macanas* (clubs).

One day, as the people of the lower mission, the village of which was on the opposite or morning sun, the events ran in with the intelligence that the Paulistas had crossed the Uruguay river.

The enemy numbered about a thousand strong, and the Indians, who had assembled on the shore, already exulting in an easy victory. But scarcely had the Indians reached the bank than they found them covered with Indians, who poured upon them a deadly volley of musketry.

The pirates were taken altogether by surprise, and the first fire from the Indians struck down the close quarters. But the natives, led on by their chiefs, rushed forward with such fury that the pirates they had given to their advance, now received their fire, and were driven back in great disorder, many in confusion to their boats again.

Secured by the river, which ours to make for the opposite shore, than the mission people opened upon them their fire with a small cannon loaded with grapeshot, which sank a number of their prisoners, and reddened the current of the river with their blood.

The few that reached the other side were met by another volley of musketry, which destroyed them, and soon the work of death was completed.

Never a Paulista escaped to carry the story of their signal defeat to their piratical town.

The Indians, who had now completely driven their enemies from the country, and had established themselves in their villages, and, as far as possible, in their former state of civilization,

THE NEW YORK LEDGER.

THE LAKE IN THE CRATER.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

I.

Quiet and bright the lone lake lies,
In this exhausted crater's deep;
A mirror for the calm blue skies,
And innocent birds that round them sweep:
No more the volcano darts its fires
Forever dead its flaws decline;
And now the purest type of love
Holds up a crystal quiet here for Heaven's own symbol there.

II.

Once, once on them blasted time
When in my heart all impure fire
Shall fail, and leave a living calm
For only sacred, calm desire!
What if the flames may leave their trace,
Yet Purity shall take the place,
And I my perfect heaven gain for love
That speaks of hoarded thoughts at rest and Heaven's own eyes above.

DEFENCE OF FORT STEPHENSON.

BY BRIGADIER DENNETT.

One of the most brilliant exploits of the war of 1813, was the gallant defence of Fort Stephenson, by Major Croghan, a mere youth of twenty-one, who, with a garrison of only one hundred and sixty regulars and volunteers, held the place against the overwhelming force of thirteen hundred British and Indians, commanded by the experienced General Proctor in person.

This fort, built on the left bank of the Sandusky river, and on the present site of Lower Sandusky, was not a post of any great importance, and was never intended to withstand a regular siege of cannon. As an advanced station for military stores and troops quartered in the Indian country, it was of some value to the army of the frontier; and, properly garrisoned by one hundred men, it could withstand the whole Indian force, or any other force not aided by artillery. Like most of the hastily built forts erected in the wilderness, it was simply an area enclosed by stockades, with one bastion, and two blockhouses at opposite angles, and with a magazine and several storehouses within the area. A few days before the attack, Major Croghan, who had been assigned the command of the post, had strengthened it all he could, by digging a ditch six feet deep and nine feet wide outside of the entire works; but it was the opinion of General Harrison, who with some of his staff came down from Fort Seneca to inspect it, that it was still untenable against heavy artillery. Just before his departure, he left the following written orders with the young and gallant commandant:

"Should the British troops approach you in force with artillery, and you are convinced that you cannot hold out any longer, you will do so immediately, destroying all the public stores. You must be aware that the object of your resistance to the fate of an Indian force would be vain. Against such a force your position would be as favorable as that of the assailants."

The British and their Indian allies, respective by under General Proctor and the renowned Tecumseh, were then invested in the neighborhood, consisting of British regulars, Canadian militia and Indians; and although the post was defended by only a few hundred Americans, it was well carried, and the enemy finally retired with deep chagrin.

On the 28th of July, 1813, the day following the raising of the siege of Fort Meigs, General Harrison received a dispatch from General Clay, the commandant of that post, announcing this fact; and as the enemy time he learned from his scouts, that the Indians were already in great numbers, and an attack upon either Fort Stephenson or Seneca might be expected at any moment. As his force at Fort Seneca was too small to justify him in sending a reinforcement of men to Fort Stephenson, and as it was believed the latter post was not prepared to risk a defence, an order was forth with dispatched to Major Croghan, to immediately abandon and burn the place with all its military stores, and repair with all possible haste to headquarters. This order, which should have been delivered the same day, did not reach the Major till about noon of the next; and he then, believing it too late to proceed with safety, called a council of his officers, the majority of whom united with him in the opinion that the place could and should be defended still longer. The young commandant then immediately returned the following answer to the commander-in-chief, thinking in case it was probable it would never reach him, but fall into the hands of the enemy:

"Sir: I have just received yours of yesterday, in which it is, stating me to destroy the public property and good my retreat, which was received too late to be acted into execution. We have determined to maintain this place, and, by heaven, we can!"

This note reached General Harrison the same day, who, not understanding the motives which prompted it, immediately dispatched Colonel Wells, under escort of a corps of dragoons, to supersede the Major, who was ordered to report in time to accompany him himself by one of the most brilliant exploits on record.

The following account of this siege and defence, is from one of the gallant defenders of the fort:

"About noon, on the first of July, (says the narrator,) one of the lookouts, stationed at the block-house in the north-eastern angle of the fort, announced the approach of the enemy, which we had been momentarily expecting for the last twenty-four hours; but a more accurate inspection showed it to be a reconnoitering party of General Harrison, which had been sent down to the lake shore, to gain early intelligence of the fort, and were now on their return to head-quarters. They soon came up near the fort, and stated that they had seen the gunboats of the British the evening before, heading toward the mouth of the Sandusky, and that we might reasonably expect an attack in the course of the day. I was standing near our youthful commander, and marked the gravity of his look and the compression of his lips, as he made the reply:

"'Let them come—they will find us prepared to receive them.'

"You are resolved then, Major, on holding the post?' inquired the leader of the reconnoitering party.

"'By all all hazards—to the very death!'

"Bravely said, and may the God of battles give you success!' was the rejoinder, as the party moved on.

"About this there was an intense but oppressed excitement among our brave little band, each of whom felt that the awful crisis was now at hand, which must result in victory or death—for the idea of retreat or surrender was not for a moment entertained by any. We kept a close watch on every side; and after a painful suspense some two or three hours, a body of Indians was espied upon the summit of a hill on the other side of the river. We had only one cannon, a six-pounder, in the fort, and this was speedily brought to bear upon the dusky natives, and its contents sent in among them, by way of a warning salute. Our shot shot caused a perceptible movement, and, at the second discharge, they scattered and disappeared.

"'There they go, the howling rascals! and when next I sight them, may the devil claim his own of some of them!' muttered the gunner.

"About half an hour after this, the British gunboats hove in sight, moving steadily up the river. Almost at the same moment, crowds of dusky warriors appeared on all sides of us, in every respectful distance, and gave vent to their yells of defiance.

"'They are prepared to eat off our retreat,' said Major Croghan; 'but we have interest to make one, they will probably be disappointed. Spunkie Hunter, try your skill on the British gunboat.'

"Our solitary piece was now sighted at the distant boats, and every eye was turned as the gunners were awakened by its roar.

"'A fair short—a little more elevation. There, that was better, but short still. Once more! But I will done, by heaven! Our compliments have reached them, and produced a stir. Now we shall have a reply. Yes, there is smoke—one, two, three—look out, boys!'

"As our commander spoke, we beheld three flashes, in quick succession, followed by puffs of smoke and heavy reports, which passed behind over. Only one ball struck near us, and that did no damage. Then came the three distinct booming reports, and the crash of the shot among the hideous yells. We answered with loud cheers of defiance, and the firing was kept up on either side of victory or death had begun.

"After an interval of one or more shots, the enemy all the while drawing nearer, he began to fire with rifles, and with a tremendous howling, by plain view. Immediately after, a white flag was displayed, and a party of Indians, under, separating from the others, began to advance toward the fort.

"'They come, as usual, to demand a surrender, and offer the British protection, and humane civilities!' said Major Croghan, his eye flashing with anger and his cheek pale with excitement. 'Do they think we have forgotten poor Dudley and Sir Henry Hall? Tell them, sir, that we take a flag and go out to meet them. Listen to their proposals, and remember that I have given my sense, and all the force they can bring against me. Tell them that I have resolved to hold this place, or bury ourselves in its ruins; and if ever they enter here, it will be over the dead body of the last man!'

"Ensign Shipp went boldly out by the eastern wicket, and then came the three deputies to the interior. After the first formalities, we could understand nothing of what was said between parties by their attitude and gestures—those of the Indians, especially, were extremely menacing, and then threatening; and Shipp's calm, stern, and dignified manner. As the deputies were about to close, an Indian suddenly made his appearance upon the bastion, and commenced a furious close at hand; and walking up to Shipp, he seized hold of his sword and attempted to wrench it from his grasp. A struggle began, and the Indian was overpowered. Both of the rifles we had were immediately brought to bear upon the Indians, and their own tomahawks might have sealed their fate, had not one of the officers rushed in and interposed, and held him in check with a pointed pistol, while the party were suffered to depart. As soon as he had passed the wicket, the officer carrying the flag waved it as a parting salute, and then both hastened to the side on which the A fire now opened from a howitzer, which the British had brought with them, and some six pounders aboard the boats. This was continued, with little intermission, until the close of the long night. We replied to them a few times, and then reserved our fire for more certain and fatal points, and discharged it a few times more, in order to make them believe we had a supply and supplied with cannon. After this it was finally resolved to make a sortie against the enemy, and a position to rake the ditch, in the event of the enemy attempting to pass it. For this purpose rigilance on our part was kept up through the night, and everything, as far as possible, made secured, the fire of the enemy proving totally ineffectual.

"Early on the morning of the second, we were enlisted from a battery of six-pounders, which had been brought under cover of an angle, formed in the edge of some woods, distant about two hundred yards from the north-east angle of the fort, and which had been somewhat advanced from its position of the previous evening. This was done with the view of concentrating our fire upon the point where the breach was to be made, and that we would thus be enabled to rake the ditch, in the event of the enemy attempting to pass it. We were also to be ready to support the battery, in case the enemy should attempt to storm it. The command to fire was instantly followed by a terrible volley of grape and canister, which swept through the open the north gate on the south. This our impetuous commander fiercely jumped to the front; and while disposing his force so as to rake the ditch on either side of the fort, received a portion concealed at the north-eastern angle, which he supposed to be the point of attack. He presently a hundred foes were dimly seen through the smoke, and the fire was opened so scarcely more than twenty paces, rapidly advancing to the assault